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SAKYA MOUNI AT BODHIMANDA.*

Yes, life's long strife is o'er ;
At last I reach the shore ;
The waves and billows all are overpast ;
Each step I upward gained,
Each conflict I sustained,
Has its due meed of blessing at the last.

Vigil and fast were right,
They raised me out of night,
Each came with power to purify and bless ;
But now, as crown of all,
The cold, dark shadows fall ;
I sink and fail in utter Nothingness.

Oh, bliss beyond compare,
With neither joy nor care,
Hushed every sound of harmony or strife ;
The consciousness intense
Of losing lower sense,
Not-being, with the memory of life !

Just as in haschisch dreams
The rapture noblest seems,
When visions glorious yield to slumbers deep,
So, through all time's expanse,
The soul's ecstatic trance
Finds its high bliss in everlasting sleep.

Just as when music floats,
Its subtlest, sweetest notes,
Half hushed to silence, thrill through ear and brain,
So the intensest bliss
Is when we know but this —
Know we are not, with neither joy nor pain.

All good deeds done to man,
When first our work began,
These lie behind, forgotten and remote ;
In clear Nirvana's day
They melt and pass away ; —
Who counts the atoms that in sunshine float ?

As when in Ocean's wave
The rain-drop finds a grave,
It fears no more the storm-wind or the heat,
So shall the cleansed soul
Plunge in the boundless Whole,
And, seeking freedom, into Nought retreat.

For dreary were the range
Through Being's endless change,
Base forms of brute, or lower births of man ;

* At Bodhimanda is the sacred fig-tree, the " tree of wisdom," which all Buddhists reverence as having witnessed their founder's attainment of Nirvana, and his consequent identification with Buddha, or the Supreme Intelligence.

What profit have we found,
In vain delusions drowned,
To end at last as poor as we began, —

Still weary war to wage
Against disease and age,
Bent limbs, dim eyes, weak brain, and failing breath ;
Through each new type of life,
To know the same vain strife,
And taste a thousand times the bitterness of death !

But, oh, the rapture deep
Of that entranced sleep,
When Wisdom's self has 'numbed the thrice-blest soul.
When every sound is hushed,
And o'er each sense have rushed
The mighty waves that from Nirvana roll !

Far better be as nought
Than live thus overwrought,
Deceived, and mocked, and captive led, and blind ;
Far better Nothingness
Than all this sore distress,
Where brute, dull matter triumphs over mind.

And is this, then, the end ?
And does our bliss depend
On knowing that we are not what we seem ?
Is there no deeper joy
That nothing can destroy —
A sleep in which we dream not that we dream ?

Is this, for all who live,
The best boon Heaven can give,
To enter on the drear and darksome night ;
To feel the boundless void,
Where Being lies destroyed,
And self is lost in Nothing infinite ?

Were it not better far
To know not that we are,
To lose the very sense of Being's pain,
Than still to watch the spark
Of life through all the dark,
And tremble lest it burst in flames again ?

Yes, the true Wisdom's way,
The only perfect day,
Is pure Not-being, Nothing absolute ;
The dark abyss profound,
Where comes nor light nor sound,
And the vast orb lies motionless and mute.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

— Contemporary Review.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Le Récit d'une Sœur. Souvenirs de Famille recueillis par Mme. Augustus Craven, née La Ferronnays. Sixth Edition. Paris: Didier. 1866.

OFTEN has it been remarked how the fresh spring of the French Church coincided with that in our own, and how that decade which began with 1830 was a period of stern trial, when the axe was laid to the root of a tree; and when, if there was a great outpouring of grace, there was also severe sifting, which all could not withstand.

The journals of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin have already shown the effect of this movement in one private family, where, in the sister, every holy sentiment was quickened and intensified; in the brother, the defection of Lamennais seemed for a time to wrench away the very foundations of faith. We have here another intimate and close portraiture of the workings of religion upon individual minds; but there is this great difference between the books, that whereas genius and reflection are the prominent natural characteristics of the two Guérins, here we have only action and feeling without more thought than is the ordinary heritage of intelligent sensible people.

It would, however, be doing the La Ferronnays family injustice to treat their religion as merely the work of a revival. The father and mother belonged to that grand old race of French noblesse, whose faith as well as their loyalty was their support through the trials of the Great Revolution. True it is that there was many a profligate, many an unbeliever, among the fugitives from France, and that the hospitality of the Germans who received the emigrants was often shamefully requited; but there were also a large number who suffered with cheerful patience and deep, earnest religion, and more and more of these are coming to light. In this book we have the genuine documents, journals and letters, only pieced out here and there by Mrs. Augustus Craven, one of the few surviving members of the family, and with the stamp of authenticity in every line. The nucleus of the work, so to speak, was the narrative, the composition of which was the solace of her sister-in-law, Madame Albert de la Ferronnays, in the first months of her widowhood, and around this accumulated the memorials of others of the family, and of the remaining years of the young widow

herself. As a picture of earthly love lifted to heavenly love, and of a character ripened, through its affections, for heaven, we think the history unrivalled.

The Comte de la Ferronnays was married to Mademoiselle de Montceau at Klagenfurth, in Carinthia, in 1802, in the midst of the troubles of emigration. On the return of the Bourbons to France, he stood high in favour with Louis XVIII., and was French Ambassador at Petersburg, and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Charles X. Ten children were born to him, of whom Charles, the eldest, was by many years the senior — three died, and there remained the *dramatis personæ* of the *Récit* — Albert, Fernand, Pauline (the narrator), Eugénie, Olga, and Albertine, the latter being much younger than the rest.

Ill health sent M. de la Ferronnays to Italy in 1829, and there it was that the tidings of the Thirty Days reached the family. Their principles were strongly loyal and legitimist, and their adherence to their fallen sovereign was at the expense of much worldly prosperity. They established themselves in a villa at Castellamare, where the young people (including Charles's wife) seem to have revelled in the beauty of the view outside, while they treated the inconveniences within as the beginning of such an exile of poverty and distress as their parents had endured in the first Revolution. There was a great room in the house entirely unfurnished, but with windows looking out on the gulf and mountains, and there they used to bring their own tables and chairs, and spend the morning in reading, writing, laughing and talking. In the winter they were at Naples or its neighbourhood, going a great deal into society, and leading a very joyous and affectionate family life, in close intimacy with many dear and valued friends. Eugénie's chief friend was Flavie Lefebvre, afterwards Marquise de Raigecour, a name that recalls the saintly Madame Elizabeth's dearest friend in the last generation, as indeed the intimates of the family constantly recall to us the tragedies of the past age. Mme. de Tourrels, the Dauphin's governess and the last lady taken from Marie Antoinette, was a kinswoman, and was Pauline's godmother, and again and again do we meet with persons whose names recall touching memories.

The good mother of the family took the daughters into society on principle; for, as she afterwards says in one of her very sensible letters, she observed that the young married women, who comported themselves

like runaway horses, were chiefly those who had been kept so strictly in the background in their girlhood that they had gained no experience while yet under guidance. Still there was something in the constant round of pleasure—something too in Naples itself, that with the more thoughtful left a sense of unsatisfactoriness. Eugénie, who had scarcely left childhood behind, was the merriest of all, but she used afterwards to say, that she did not like to recollect those days, and Albert, who was about one-and-twenty, bright, gentle, and scrupulously religious, several times told Pauline in the course of the winter, that it was not good for him to be always in a place where serious life was impossible, and that some fine day he should go and '*se retirer*' in solitude. It was too easy at Naples, he said, to forget everything, and in 1831 he joined a like-minded, elder friend, M. Rio, in a tour in Tuscany, in the course of which he became acquainted with the Comte de Montalembert, and formed a close friendship, which continued to be the comfort of the rest of the family when Albert had been taken from them.

After this journey, in the January of 1832, the friends came to Rome, and there it was that the romance of Albert's life began. He went to call upon a lady whom his parents had known at Petersburg, the Countess von Alopeus. She was a German by birth, and her husband, a Swede, had been in the Russian diplomatic service, where the La Ferronnays family had become acquainted with her. Her husband was recently dead, and she was travelling with her only daughter, her two sons being in the Russian service. The daughter was born at Petersburg in 1808, and had received the name of Alexandrine, in compliment to the Emperor Alexander, her godfather. His participation in the ceremony had caused her to be baptized by immersion according to the Greek ritual, although her parents were both Lutherans, and brought her up in their doctrine. Madame d'Alopeus was a celebrated beauty with perfectly regular features, and Alexandrine, though not judged by connoisseurs to be equal to her in symmetry of feature, was exceedingly lovely, and had a greater charm of expression. They were excessively admired, and it used to be said that no one could say whether the daughter were loved for the sake of the mother or the mother for the sake of the daughter. The Countess was a gay woman, delighting in all this admiration, and had brought up her daughter to the constant round of Russian dissipation. Numerous admirers had

been at Alexandrine's feet—379, according to a joke of Montalembert's—but without gaining her heart; and once, when her mother had tried to force her into a marriage repugnant to her feelings, she had escaped it by an appeal to the Emperor Nicholas, who had then said to her mother, as he held Alexandrine's hand, 'Promise me, Madame, that you will never bestow this child in marriage but according to her inclination.'

Alexandrine was already on terms of friendship with Pauline, but Albert had never seen her till this memorable call, on the 17th of January, 1832, when her beauty and sweetness captivated him on the spot, and he went home to his friends in such a state of admiration that they laughed at him. She was not at that time much struck with him. Her fond recollections, however, are dated from that time; and in the long hours which—five years later—she used to spend in dreaming over her desk, and recording her cherished memories, with minuteness that even Pauline sometimes thought excessive, she went back to the first day when Albert inspired her with respect.

She had gone, on the 5th of February, with a Protestant friend to hear the nuns singing at the conventual church of Trinità del Monte. Albert was there on his knees as a devout worshipper; and as they came out of church together, she told him that had she been alone, she would gladly have knelt too. 'Why did you not?' said he. 'Why this respect of persons?' 'This boldness in a man of twenty pleased me. Never had any man spoken to me so wisely'—says the hitherto spoilt, flattered beauty, who had no doubt thought herself saying something extremely gracious and patronizing.

A few days after, she continues, while walking in the gardens of the Villa Pamfili, 'We talked, I think, for an hour of religion, immortality, and death, which we said would be sweet in those fair gardens. This conversation, so unlike those that had wearied my ear in the world—this conversation sank into the depths of my heart.' It was then that his depth and piety made Alexandrine attach herself to Albert; and on his side, so much was her faith upon his mind, that in very early morning, in a pilgrim's frock and barefooted, he made the pilgrimage of the Seven Basilica, to pray for her conversion, and even to offer his own life as a sacrifice if at such a price it might be vouchsafed.

We pass rapidly over this portion of the journals; if there was nothing beyond, we should have been inclined to call it senti-

ment tinged with religion. The most notable point in it is how Alexandrine, after all her campaigns in the most brilliant society in the world, and after having supped full of adulation, surrendered her whole heart to the mastery of the younger man, of no high pretension to wealth or rank, who, while absolutely fascinated by her charms, always kept his God in the first place, and showed that he did so. In April, Mme. and Mlle. d'Alopeus went to reside near Naples, and lived in close intercourse with the rest of the La Ferronnays family, and there we find the coupling of the most exalted self-restrained piety with all the little extravagances of a lover. For instance, — Alexandrine went for the first time since her father's death to the opera, and put on a white dress, in which she enjoyed showing herself to Albert and Pauline. She returned home to Vomero at one o'clock at night, little guessing that Albert followed her carriage all the way up the steep road, pushing the wheels behind at the worst places, merely that he might have one glimpse of the flutter of her dress — unseen by her — when she left the carriage in the courtyard.

The mutual love was confessed, but there were many difficulties in the way. Mme. d'Alopeus had engaged herself to a Russian prince, named Paul Lapoukhyn, and thus could not free herself from the respects due to the Czar. Indeed Alexandrine, being a maid of honour to the Empress, needed his consent to her marriage, and his dislike to French alliances was well known. Besides, the lady had expected a far more brilliant worldly lot for her beautiful daughter than a marriage with a younger son of a family in the situation of the La Ferronnays, and though she seems to have been delusively affectionate and caressing when Albert was with her, no sooner was he absent than she and her niece tried to persuade Alexandrine out of her attachment.

M. de la Ferronnays too, though, like all the family, charmed with Alexandrine, and greatly flattered by the much-courted lady's preference for Albert, had many doubts as to the prudence of a marriage between his son and one bred up in the excess of Russian luxury, and for many months the affair remained in doubt. At last, in May, 1833, it became expedient for Mme. de la Ferronnays to go on business to France, taking with her the elder ones of the family, and leaving M. de la Ferronnays at Rome, where the two youngest girls, Olga and Albertine, were to be placed at the convent of Trinità del Monte to prepare for Olga's first com-

munion. Albert was to have been of the party to France, but at Cività Vecchia he told his mother that he was feeling unwell, and would follow her by the packet two days later, when he had been bled. The next morning, however, he was in a violent fever, and poor M. de la Ferronnays first became aware of his dangerous state while from the window of the room the steamer was still visible carrying away the mother and sisters, who had gone on board the previous night.

During the height of Albert's danger, Alexandrine arrived at Rome with her mother, and had the comfort of almost daily seeing the little girls in the convent, and hearing their report of their brother. It seems to have been what passed between him and his father during his illness, and the extreme anxiety of Alexandrine on the other hand, that made their parents at last consent to their engagement; and though Madame d'Alopeus on going to Germany had a short relapse into her original ambitious views for her daughter, constancy at last prevailed, and Albert and Alexandrine were married at Naples on the 17th of April, 1834, first in the chapel of the Palazzo Acton, and afterwards by the Protestant Minister, M. Valette.

A time of perfect happiness followed. A great villa had been taken at Castellamare, Albert and Alexandrine lived on the ground floor, Charles, his wife and child, above them, and the main body of the family in the upper story. Each set of apartments had a balcony, communicating with the rest by external staircases. Pauline was on the eve of marriage with Mr. Craven, an English diplomat, and the life during that summer seems to have been like paradise to the whole party. This is Pauline's description:

'I said that Albert and Alexandrine occupied the ground floor, whose windows opened at the top of some steps into the garden. On the night I specially recollect, their sitting-room was full of lights, flowers, and music, Eugénie was singing, and we were seated on the steps outside, listening to her incomparable voice, while talking, inhaling the sweet perfume of roses and orange blossoms, and gazing out on an unrivalled view, lighted by the moon and stars, and illuminated likewise by the fires that, during that year, were bursting from Vesuvius, and of which a large stream, flowing from the summit of the volcano, was descending towards the plain in the direction of Ottagano. Ah! we were all perfectly happy at that moment. The bliss of Albert and Alexandrine seemed to us the presage and guarantee of our own, — ours completed theirs. The devoted affection of

Eugénie, more expansive than ever, made her as mirthful as a bird, as bright as a sunbeam; and Fernand joined with her in enlivening days the importance of which might have made them serious. Yet even then, in the midst of all this cheerfulness, Eugénie often said to me, "O, my dear, what a pretty thing is life—what then will heaven be! Then death must be better worth than all this!" The end of the evenings was generally spent with Charles and Emma, whose tender-hearted sympathy left nothing to desire. They had the most spacious of our balconies, and there we all assembled, and remained together often till late into the night—those Italian nights that one cannot weary of enjoying, and which in summer are lovelier than day. Never had our parents' affection been more completely gratified; never, perhaps, had they more restfully enjoyed the happiness of having us all about them. We were, alas, at our culmination; but it must be confessed that this summit was gilded, and if ever it might be said of happiness that it was too great, too perfect to last, it was so with ours.

'The cloud that was so soon to darken it was already casting its shadow. For one day, six weeks previously, we had been uneasy about Albert; but anxiety, the gnawing worm of bliss, still respected ours, and, though alarmed for the moment, we had quickly recovered the security of inexperience. It was not till much later, when Alexandrine was near the end of her ordeal, that going back from anguish to anguish, even to the first alarm that disturbed her serenity, she arrived at the day when for the first time she saw Albert hastily put his handkerchief to his lips, and take it away spotted with blood. And that day? *It was the tenth after their marriage.*'—Vol. i. pp. 198–200.

Other symptoms caused it to be thought that Castellmare did not agree with Albert, and he was ordered to Sorrento, where the brothers and sisters frequently visited them. There was as yet no blight upon their joy, and they continued to enjoy their exquisite life. Perhaps few persons were ever more capable of full enjoyment than this family. They had all the happiness inspired by fervent piety; they were full of the delights of the easy mirthful intercourse of a large and united family in the first bloom of youth; they were cultivated and accomplished so as to appreciate the exquisite scenes of nature and art, as well as the historical associations of Italy; and there is also about the whole of their writings and speeches an indescribable air of the very highest breeding, as if with all their simplicity and humility they were unconsciously the very *crème de la crème* of society. In one of his letters, Albert tells his sisters not to lose their cosmopolitan grace and become exclusively French, English, Italian, or anything else; and even in these black and

white pages, their facility of different languages and the different nationalities of their friends make us understand something of what this charm may have been. Alexandrine, half German, half Swede, a Russian subject, and yet her French as perfect as if it had been natural to her, must have been a perfect specimen of each country's best. Her manner was very lively, and her beauty seems to have been simply and frankly the pride of all the family—and there are many notices of her dress on different occasions—but so fond and affectionate as to take away the sense of frivolity. The length of time she took in dressing—partly owing to her short sight—was always a matter of innocent railery, and it is worth recollecting for the sake of the sequel.

Pisa was recommended to Albert for the winter, and he took up his abode there with his wife in apartments, where Alexandrine showed that it had been doing her injustice to fear her expensive tastes, for she was a capital economist, with all her elegance. Albert was better, and the only shade of trouble was at this time the manner in which the difference in faith could not fail to be felt between two people thus intimately connected. Alexandrine had previously shown herself much inclined to the Roman Catholic Church, but since her marriage her mother (now Princess Lapoukhyn) had written to her that to hear of her changing her faith would nail her (her mother) up in her coffin. This had much startled Alexandrine, and besides, though when among Protestants she was inclined to defend Catholicity, the same impulse led her, when alone among Catholics, to stand up for the doctrines she had been taught. On the whole, however, her religious teaching and impressions seem to have been exceedingly vague, and chiefly to have consisted in pious sentiments affecting a mind of great natural sweetness and purity, and thus she was exactly in the state to be completely mastered by the strength of positive and systematic belief, thoroughly acted on by those with whom her lot was cast.

In October, they received a long visit from Montalembert, who had begun apparently by slightly distrusting and regretting Albert's passion for the beautiful Swede, but on his arrival, yielded to her charm and became her fast friend for life. Here is a description of their way of spending their time, taken from a letter to Eugénie:

'Besides my reading of Dante, Montalembert reads us legends. He is now reading us some

delicious ones of S. Francis d'Assisi, a very kind Saint, who calls all the creatures his brothers and sisters. He says, "*frate lupo*," and talks long to this same wolf, and calls the turtle doves my sisters, &c. Montal. is likewise writing the life of St. Elizabeth, a German and a queen, — for whom he has made many journeys into Germany. He is to read it to us when it is finished. It will be delightful, but I beg you to tell no one of it but Pauline. I am sure he had rather it was not talked of beforehand. So pray let it remain between us two. He is so fond of this Saint Elizabeth, he collects the most minute details about her. He told us a story of a knight who wore the colours of a saint who had appeared to him in a vision: it was pretty. The story did not end there, but it is too long to be told in a letter. Tell me what you think of this life we are leading. For my part, I love it! Besides, we have subscribed to the library at Leghorn, and our tables are covered with Reviews, newspapers (these for Montal.), with W. Scott's novels for Albert, and other books of all sorts for him and for me. Albert is beginning to learn German, but he does not throw himself into it with your laudable desperation. I am sure you will soon know it." — P. 227.

It is amusing to find Montalembert advising Alexandrine to burn *Father Clement* — a clever English book, well known thirty years ago, which had been lent her by some Protestant friends. She calls it 'a so-didant antidote to Catholicism, which had had contrary effect from what it was intended to produce.' She is quite right, the Protestants of the book are Presbyterians, and *Father Clement* is by far the most beautiful character in it and has the best of the argument. In Alexandrine's history it must always be borne in mind that her original doctrine was Lutheranism, and it was the Catholicity — not so much of Rome as of the Church Universal — that was attracting her. She had begun by feeling much drawn to the Greek Church, but the bias was now given by her human affections and the examples she saw. She continues:

'Montal. made me sing a number of ballads and national airs that he had collected in his travels. Among them was a charming German hymn, on words taken from S. Bernard (*Jesu, wir riss, wer dein gedenkt*) saying that nothing is so sweet as the thought of *JESUS*, nor so sweet as His Presence. Montal. was always asking me for it, though at first he thought it almost profane to let me sing it; but then he was surprised to find that I sang it with an expression approaching, he said, to that which was thrown into it by three pious young women at Ratisbon, who used to sing it at their work.' — Pp. 229-30.

We cannot help lingering on this innocent brightness, so well crowning the young life of one to whom his mother could write on his birthday, the 21st of January, 1835: 'It is twenty-three years to-day since I embraced you for the first time. I seem to have gone back to that time, for since that day, not one has passed but my heart has been filled with you. You have always been so excellent, that not the slightest cloud has darkened my affection for you, not the shadow of a slight irritation has come between us.' Probably, however, there was much truth in the self-dissection that we have from Albert's own hand, in his journal, which was in the form of a letter, addressed, his sister believes, to the Abbé Martin de Nodier. It is worth reading, because it so curiously shows the difference between the self-reliant character fostered by our public school education and the tender diffidence engendered by the careful training and watching of foreign discipline.

'PISA, Feb. 1835. — You know, dear friend, that you have often accused me of making myself out worse than I am. If you knew my whole life, you would soon change your mind, and find that my good character is terribly usurped, to such a degree that I am sometimes tormented by the thought that there must be deceit in my nature. It is true that I have never been thoroughly bad, and that I never refused the brilliant but fugitive flashes that have marked * my soul. But am I not even more guilty? Dante describes such dubious souls as rejected alike by heaven and hell. I take everything up, at first, with fervour, and at the same time what had found me most ardent, leaves me dulled and disgusted. Often before my marriage, in the most exalted period of my passion, I felt discouraged. . . . I owe this feebleness and inconstancy partly to my weak health and my delicate and irritable temperament, and partly also to an education without positive aim. My father made all imaginable sacrifices for me, but the men to whom he entrusted me abused his confidence. I was naturally gentle and active; without them I might have committed greater errors, but I should have retained more energy. When I left them I had lost the freshness of heart that some privileged souls retain long after their entrance into life, and yet I was as timid as a child. Then I came to Italy, where the climate did me more harm than good, for it increased the excitability of my imagination and the irritability of my temperament. Thenceforth, I have been the sport of the two beings we have within us, sometimes good and raising myself to the highest regions it has been given me to attain, sometimes let-

* Sillonne.'

ting myself be drawn where my other life chooses to lead me, often dragged by my two natures both ways at once, without strength to gain the mastery over them, and by directing them by my own will to make them contribute to my moral and physical perfection.' — Vol. i. pp. 235-7.

Such a nature as this seems hardly fit for the active battle of life. There was no doubt much that was morbid in it, and depression of spirits was the natural effect of illness; but Albert seems to have had that remarkable power — so inconceivable to the world, which S. Paul mentions among the paradoxes of the Christian life, of being 'sorrowful yet always rejoicing.'

One more extract from his Pisa journal we must make to show the sweet tenderness of his nature :

'Feb. 17. — My day began with a sad spectacle. Eight convicts were sweeping in front of our door, chained two and two with heavy fetters, and dressed in red, the sign here of being condemned for a term. Only two were in yellow, the token of a convict for life. These two likewise had in large letters upon their breast "*Fatta Violenza*." They are but recently sentenced, I think, judging by their clothes, and were no doubt the same who were lately exposed in the square, and condemned for this crime. A dreadful sight are these men, blotted out of society, with nothing more to expect from it but scorn, fear, or pity. What bitter feelings must fill their souls! O merciful God, just God, cause resignation to bring them calmness and hope in a better life! May the example of Jesus, our Saviour, teach them to accept their bitter cup, and recollect that the Divine Pattern of resignation and suffering was also a pattern of virtue and love. O Lord, my gentle Jesus, when forsaken of men, Thy angels sustained Thee, and shed tears for their Master's grief. Grant even to those unworthy of such a grace, that when men abandon the wretched, the angels from heaven may come and sustain those who are unable to hope, save in Thee, and must fail without Thy aid. Oh, pardon them; let one tear be on their heart ere their death.' — Vol. i. p. 232.

On the whole, Albert's health had not become worse during the winter, and it was decided that the summer should be spent at Korsan, Prince Lapoukhyn's estate in the Ukraine. Sea voyages were thought beneficial, and the journey to Odessa was to be made by water. In March therefore the journey was made to Naples, where the whole family were again together, and where the sisters for the last time saw Albert up and walking about.

They embarked for Malta, and thence

sailed again for Smyrna, Constantinople and Odessa, enjoying to the utmost the lovely scenery of the Greek waters and all its associations, and in health for complete delight. They were met at Odessa by Alexandrine's mother and her husband, and kept their quarantine in a very agreeable fashion. They were permitted to see and talk to their friends, as long as they did not touch them, and they had a large and comfortable house, and an excellent cook whom Prince Lapoukhyn had put into quarantine with them. In due time they arrived at Korsan, in the midst of the Ukraine, one of the splendid palaces of the Russian nobility, full of copies of the most perfect works of art, and with an orangery in the centre of the house.

The visit began there joyfully; but before it had lasted a fortnight, the hæmorrhage began to recur, and in a few days so violent an attack came on that for a short time there was imminent danger. On one of those days of anxiety Alexandrine, opening her New Testament at hap-hazard, fell upon the words: 'Honour widows that are widows indeed.' It was her first realization of what was impending over her.

However, Albert regained strength and set out to return, travelling through Austria. In the meantime M. de la Ferronnays had purchased the Château de Boury, in Normandy, and gone to reside there with the rest of the family. This had been a great delight to Albert, who had become weary of his wandering, exiled life, and longed to return to France. At Vienna, however, he was sentenced by his physicians to spend the winter at Venice, a mandate that he accepted with instinctive reluctance. It was at Vienna that he and Alexandrine for the last time went into society, and the last time that she appeared in full dress or was at any public festival.

When she arrived at Venice, in October, she was still as it were halting between two opinions: she was still swayed entirely by human affections. She writes to Montalembert on the 23d of October:

'Let me speak to you with the greatest frankness. That of a sister is permissible to me, towards you, for no sister could love you better. I have a sorrow that constantly occupies me. My happiness would be in being of the same religion as Albert; but, besides the doubts that still remain with me, what chiefly withholds me is, that I should break my mother's heart — that mother to whom I owe the very happiness of being married to Albert. I should break her heart *physically* as well as *morally*. I know she cannot believe that Catholics regard

as possible the salvation of those of a different faith, and she would always think that by changing, I should fix — not only for time but eternity — a frightful gulf between myself and my own family. What mother would consent under such an idea? Indeed, I myself, if I were told that my poor father had the worse portion, and that Albert was destined for the better, and that by choosing one I should separate myself from the other for ever, I think that since happiness would be promised to Albert, I should let him enjoy it alone, and that I would go to rejoin my poor father, like the Pagan prince.' — Vol. i. p. 327.

Here she tells at length the story of the Frisian chief — whom Pauline has already described as a great hero of hers — who refused baptism rather than forsake his forefathers when they were consigned to perdition by Christian teachers, not content to leave them to stand or fall to their own Master. Her mind had not yet learnt to contemplate the obligation of seeking God in His highest Truth, and His appointed means of union with Himself, and communication of His grace; as yet it was mere pious sentiment to be derived from prayer, intellectual exercises, or the exaltation of sacred music. She had attended no Protestant worship since she was at Naples — she delighted in being present at those in Italian churches, and was ill with grief at the separation when Albert communicated without her. At this point she remained through the early part of the winter, but in the beginning of March, Albert had a terrible attack of inflammation — Ferdinand was with him, and the others were sent for from Boury. He seemed so near death on the night of the 6th of March, that he asked for a confessor, and then it was that Alexandrine cried in her anguish, 'Have we come to this — have we really come to this! Now I am a Catholic!' At the moment Albert seems to have been too ill, or too much occupied with collecting his thoughts for confession, to notice her words; but he began to rally almost immediately after the priest left him, and a relic of S. François de Sales was brought to him in the course of the day, to which his rapid improvement was so much ascribed by all around him, that Alexandrine became more entirely confirmed in her resolution. Of course the joy her change gave to him was no small assistance in his partial recovery, and she never hesitated for a moment after the words had been spoken, regarding them, as she said, as a 'moment of inspiration,' and she wrote both to her mother and to Pauline Craven. M. and Mme. de la Ferronnays and Eugénie were daily expected,

and Albert, who knew by this time that his state was hopeless, begged her to remain among them, and not make her home with her own mother, saying however, 'You are too young — you will marry again.' He was better by the time his parents arrived, and Eugénie wrote to her elder sister in a spirit of much thankfulness for both the joys that had met them on their arrival, though with no delusive expectations:

'How strange it is,' writes the young girl in this her first experience of trouble, 'to dare to approach everything, utter everything, and thus look grief in the face so very near. I think the reason it can be done is the constant thought of the other life, the certainty that happiness is nowhere but there, that life in this world is only a journey, of which one longs for the end, where weariness will rest, gloom be enlightened, and this our great need of love and thirst for happiness, will be satisfied.' — Vol. i. p. 375.

By the 10th of April, Albert was well enough to be taken by easy stages to Paris, where he arrived on the 13th of May, and was placed under the care of Dr. Hahnemann, the inventor of homœopathy, then an old man of eighty. He was so much struck with Alexandrine that he took her hand and told her that in sixty years of practice he had never seen so loving a wife. But this loving wife had become so awake to the full blessings of the Church, that she could write to Montalembert that she should be happier as a widow, as a Catholic, than even with Albert if she were to continue a Protestant. Looking over this letter in after times, she wrote on the margin: 'O, how winning is truth, since only one of its rays, lighting on my heart, even before I embraced it, could thus make itself preferable to Albert!' This would, indeed, be a perilous book to one who did not feel that Alexandrine's gladness flowed from her new sense of union with the Church; and that the Church is as truly ours as it became hers when she quitted the religion in which she had been, as it were, a mere unit, instead of a member of a great body connected with one Head.

On Trinity Sunday, the 29th of May, 1836, after attending mass in church, she dressed herself in white, with a broad blue ribbon crossed on her breast, and then returned to her husband's room, where the Abbé Martin de Noirliu, his most confidential friend and spiritual guide, said mass at a temporary altar, and then received the abjuration which was made by Alexandrine on her knees, and which was afterwards attested by her husband, his parents, and his

brother and sister. There was no question of baptizing her conditionally, as the Roman Catholic Church *does* respect the validity of Greek baptism. It was striking, that on that night the Princess Lapoukhyn dreamt, in Alexandrine's words, 'that she saw me a little child again, sitting down, dressed only in my little shift, with my head crowned with a wreath of flowers like darts; that the costume vexed her; and then that I wanted to give her these large flowers in my crown, but she refused them—Oh! till when?'

There was a strange, deep, holy bliss and repose resting on them all at this time. To some of them it was but the Delectable Mountains; to Albert it was the Land of Beulah—a time of almost unbroken peace and joy.

'On the night of the 1st or 2d of June,' his wife writes: 'I was in Eugénie's room at one o'clock in the morning. I thought Albert was asleep. Suddenly we heard the notes of the piano; it made a painful impression on us. I knew it was Albert, and I think I said it was the last time he would touch those notes. I went to him. He was in a melancholy but very sweet reverie. His faithful nurse, a sister of the order of Bon Secours, was there too.'—Vol. i. p. 401.

Still he was on some days so well that it was hoped that he might go to the chapel of L'Enfant Jésus to share with his wife in her first communion; but he was too much reduced to be able to receive, fasting, in the forenoon, and on that account a dispensation was obtained from the Archbishop of Paris for a mass to be celebrated at midnight in his room, on Sunday, the 3d of June, as the only hour when he could receive, fasting. Otherwise, he could not have communicated except as a dying man, and the service must have been unsuitable to so joyful an occasion. The celebrating priest was the Abbé Gerbet, an intimate friend, and one of those most closely connected with the French revival, the author of 'Rome Chrétienne,' and other books much valued in the French Church. He died in 1859, Bishop of Rossignan. At the time Albert was forced to be in his bed. His parents, his sisters Eugénie and Olga, and his friend M. de Montalembert, were the other communicants. Alexandrine was in white, her bridal veil on her head, and the altar was decked with the richest silks of her scarcely-used trousseau. She knelt by her husband's side, holding his hand, but when the moment for her recep-

tion came, he withdrew it from her, saying 'Go, go; be altogether God's.'

A kind of trance of spiritual ecstacy seemed to enwrap Alexandrine in these days. Her journals seem lifted above the world. One of her wedding-presents had been a pearl necklace, which, however her mother would not let her wear at her marriage because of the German saying, *Perlen deuten Thränen*, and she now sold it, and gave the price to the poor as a thank-offering. She wrote these thoughts on it:—

'Pearls, tokens of tears,
Pearls, tears of the sea,
Tearfully gathered from its depths,
Often tearfully worn amid the pleasures of
this world,
Tearfully laid aside in the greatest of earthly
sorrows,
Now at last go and dry tears by being changed
into bread.'

Her devotions absorbed her greatly, and perhaps the last feeling of self-reproach in Albert's sensitive mind was for one moment's complaint that she was less occupied with him than usual. At the sight of her tears he begged her pardon most tenderly, and afterwards said to Eugénie, 'I have been bad; I have been jealous of God.'

Once too he threw his arm round his wife's neck with the irrepressible cry, 'I am dying; and we should have been so happy!' but in general his heart was wholly fixed above, and his resignation perfect. He lived to see Mrs. Craven again, and survived till the 29th of June. That night Alexandrine was so physically exhausted with watching and fatigue that she was perfectly bewildered, and fancied herself speaking to Fernand in a window, where no one was standing. Eugénie made her lie down on her bed; and when Albert asked for her she did not know where she was going, and twice passed before his bed without seeing anything. He died at six o'clock in the morning. His father alone spoke, 'You who have never grieved us—the best of children—be blessed. Go! Do you hear me still? You are looking at your Alexandrine, you are blessing her.' These were his broken words, while the Abbé Martin knelt beside the bed, and the nursing sister recited the Litany of the Dying. The Abbé Martin began the words of the parting absolution: ere it was ended, Albert was gone.

And then follows the question—What would become of these highly-wrought feelings of Alexandrine? A large list might be written of disappointments in widows. Many a woman has been carried by a be-

loved husband into a higher world, and has lapsed again, when the excitement was over, into a commonplace, worldly frame of mind, and has forgotten her first faith in more senses than one. Alexandrine's own mother had, after scarcely four years, returned to a gay life and married again; and would she herself, only twenty-eight, beautiful, admired, childless, and by nature lively, playful, and with the keenest enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world, remain faithful to the tone of exalted devotion to which she had been so recently introduced, and remain true to the beautiful portrait that Eugénie copies from S. Francois de Sales as descriptive of her in the early days of her bereavement?

'The widow indeed in the Church is like a little March violet, who diffuses a peerless sweetness around her by the fragrance of her devotion, remains almost always hidden beneath the large leaves of her lowliness, and by her subdued colour witnesses to her chastened state.'

This is the question answered by the second volume, to us the more interesting of the two, since it not only completely develops Alexandrine, but likewise brings into much fuller relief the two sisters, Eugénie and Olga, and the parents, who hitherto were only a sort of chorus in the life-drama of the loves of Albert and Alexandrine.

The young widow was at first almost lifted above grief, but in a few days came a terrible reaction of agonizing sorrow and longing for death, when no one could afford her any comfort but the Abbé Gerbet. At the end of a week she went with the others to Bourry, a dull and far from beautiful place in a flat country of field, divided by monotonous poplars. It looked very dreary to the sisters, who had been accustomed to the loveliness of Italy; but it accorded with Alexandrine's state of mind, and she always was much attached to the place. Eugénie above all devoted herself to be her constant companion and comforter, and there was a certain calmness in her life, which she was grieved to break upon by the necessity of going to meet her mother at Kreuznach. Her health was perfect; she speaks once in her private journal of almost detesting her body as a prison whose bars would not give way; but she suffered from a terrible lassitude.

'I feel so indolent, so dejected, that I do not like to write even in this book. I do not know how I would pass away my life—in hearing music—always music—in turning over pious books, but rather still his own papers—in talking of immortality and the eternal reunion—

and I have scarcely any of these enjoyments. But what matters it? How can I wish for any solace whatever to my wretched, dejected, colourless life, without him?'—Vol. ii. p. 34.

In September she returned to Bourry, and there the Abbé Gerbet met her. He was, 'as it seemed, raised up by Heaven itself to console and heal this sick and rent heart;' and she never ceased to consider his presence at Bourry at that time as one of the most thankworthy blessings of her life. On the 23d of September Eugénie wrote to her sister—

'Alex and I are leading quite a monastic life. Not a soul to see, not a visit to make or expect. Now and then we laugh; then we are surprised to hear ourselves, and we tell each other that one laughs all one's life. *I think that is because of hope.*'—Vol. ii. p. 86.

Mrs. Craven paid them a visit in the course of the next month, and if our brief outline has taught our readers to love Alexandrine as the perusal of the book has made us do, they will not grudge reading the following picture, as a companion to her exquisite moonlight of three years before:—

'A servant received us at the hall-door, and told us that my father, mother, and Eugénie—who did not expect us that day—were gone to dine at Dangu, and that Madame Albert (for so Alexandra always chose to be called) was alone upstairs in her room. He wanted to inform her; I made the mistake of preventing him, and hastening upstairs I crossed the corridor, and entered Alexandrine's room without knocking. There was a thick carpet on the floor, and the door opened noiselessly, and I was but a few steps from her without her seeing me. O what a shock the sight of her was! I had left her at Paris, carefully, even elegantly dressed, for (I forgot to say so elsewhere) Albert, even in his last days, had clung to the pleasure of seeing her in the dresses and jewels she had worn in their happy days and was soon about to lay aside forever. Now, I found her in the deep mourning which, as Eugénie had well said, seemed to be deeper on her than on any one else. She was seated on a carved high-backed chair, which Albert had given her, and leaning on a table of the same kind covered with a sky-blue cloth. The mournful widow's cap which she was to wear habitually, was hung on the back of her chair; her head was uncovered, and her brown hair in confusion. A single small lamp on the table lighted the large room, and the bed curtains (thick green damask, also bought at Venice by Albert) still hid me from her. I saw her then, almost as in the portrait I possess. It was a moment that I shall never forget. I advanced—'Alexandrine!' She quickly raised her head, saw me, and sprang to

embrace me; but surprise and agitation made her stumble, and she fell on the floor at full length. I was much frightened, for I thought she had fainted, but she was herself again quickly, and her first words were to ask pardon. "Do not think I am always like this," she said. "Oh no; I assure you, you will find me much calmer than you suppose. There are still many things that I enjoy." Indeed, when once recovered from the first shock, she sat down by me, and with a sort of tranquillity, we had our first sad conversation, and in spite of all that had happened since we parted, and of all she had to tell me — in spite of our sorrow and our tears, this first hour of meeting was to both of us more sweet than painful.' — Vol. ii. pp. 36-38.

It was a peaceful life that the family were leading, under the grey sky, Eugénie devoting herself to Alexandrine, and she dwelling for ever on the papers and journals from whence she compiled the narrative of the first volume, while Olga, now fifteen, was growing up into an important member of the circle. Eugénie was naturally of a blithe, mirthful temper, with extreme ardour in whatever she was doing, whether in the way of devotion or of common life, and her brother's death had infused into her such a deep and fervent spirit of piety, that it seemed as if only a directly religious consecration could satisfy her aspirations. Olga — tall, fair, slender, and graceful — had a graver and more thoughtful disposition by nature; and this was enhanced by the constant inconveniences caused by her defective eyesight. Her eyes had been weak ever since she was eight years old, and in so peculiar a manner that she could not see in a full light. In a shaded room, or out of doors after sunset, she could see as well as other people, but on a bright day she was dazzled, and could perceive nothing distinctly. She was eager in study, and in the cultivation of her talents, but she was often checked in the midst by incapacity of seeing, and resorted to sitting in a twilight room, dreamily touching the keys of her piano. Sometimes, when in a picture gallery, enjoying herself thoroughly, a ray of sunshine upon the most noted of all would entirely hide it from her. Sometimes when a walk was taken to see some charming landscape, at the very moment when all emerged from the shady path, and exclaimed at the glory of the scene, that very glory eclipsed the whole to her. Sometimes at church she would close her book, without showing either grief or impatience, and, as she said, begin to think, because she could not read. These constant privations, whenever they recurred, were quietly laid by her as sacri-

fices before God, and she thus acquired a peculiarly calm, sweet, meditative character, and a sort of angelic gentleness. Once when she had been taken to witness the grand procession of the Fête Dieu, at Nîmes, she saw perfectly till the moment it passed, when the sun, flashing on the gilded banners and on the soldiers' weapons, completely blinded her for the time. After a silence she said, to her sister, 'I saw nothing; but I am not vexed, I have been so happy thinking what God will let me see in Paradise to make up for all I miss here.' — P. 122, note.

'These eyes that, dazzled now and weak,
At glancing notes in sunshine blink,
Shall see the King's full glory break,
Nor from the blissful vision shrink.'

Of all the family Mrs. Craven considers her father to have been most affected, and the most beneficially, by his son's death. Faith had never been absent from his mind: he had always been a good, loyal, upright man and with a warmth of heart and attractiveness of manner that made him greatly beloved; but from this time his religious sentiments were quickened, and his piety, humility, and charity became remarkable, and continually grew and increased. 'Oh,' said his wife to Pauline during this visit, 'how I envy and admire your father! Since our dear child has been in heaven, he seems to be there himself.'

Music was the only thing that still seemed to give Alexandrine pleasure, and the Abbé Gerbet ministered to this enjoyment by composing hymns to several of the tunes to which lighter songs had been sung by her and loved by Albert. One composed by the Duke de Rohan, often sung in their days of courtship, beginning —

'Ton souvenir est toujours là,'

he now changed for one beginning more brightly than the worldly lament —

'Oui, l'espérance est toujours là.'

To appreciate French poetry is always difficult, but the Abbé Gerbet was a veritable poet soul, and his thoughts are always exquisite. There is a charming morning hymn of his at page 48 of vol. ii., which was sung at the family devotions in the chapel. Eugénie, Olga, Alexandrine, and the brothers when at home, formed a choir; an organ was purchased, and played by Eugénie, and village girls were trained to assist with their voices. The Christmas midnight mass, when Alexandrine and Olga led the Adeste

Fideles, the Adoremus and Magnificat, and the choir boys wore white tunics and blue ribbons—made out of M. de la Ferronnays' *cordon du Saint-Esprit*—is described by Eugénie with intense delight, and is only inferior in beauty to that three years before, described with equal zest by that other Eugénie, plodding through the frosty night to her homely little church, and delighting in her bouquet of the fair flowers of the hoarfrost.

The young ladies began to collect classes of village girls for religious instruction, for the Curé was very old and in feeble health, and they found them very ignorant, one difficulty being that of making them understand that '*Le Saint-Esprit*' is not a Saint, like S. Peter or S. Paul. Alexandrine also began to exert herself among the poor. Her first endeavours are described by her father-in-law with a certain tone of amusement, as if he had a shade of doubt of their permanence in the Russian beauty:—

'Alexandrine revives under the influence of the Abbé Gerbet's kind conversations. She takes much delight in them, and is thus regaining her activity of mind. Besides, she works, she knits, I know not whether well or ill, but she makes an enormous number of caps and petticoats. She goes to see the poor and takes them money; she goes to see the sick, and takes them recipes; she even sometimes hazards a prescription—two days ago a bread poultice, *l'imprudente!* and yesterday she even went so far as to order a mustard plaster!—Vol. ii. p. 53.

This was in a letter to Mrs. Craven, who was on her way to Lisbon, where her husband had an appointment. The spirits of youth were returning fast to Eugénie. 'Sometimes,' she says, 'I am so merry that I can only speak in recitative;' but after describing one of her pranks, she adds—

'Ah! my Pauline, what do you say to such diversions to our usually grave thoughts? They are strange, and contrast with this poor Alex's deep heart. But, *que voulez-vous?* She will allow herself, as you know, and will have, no society. These innocent little jokes occupy her for a few minutes and make her laugh. They do not distract her from her grief, but they take up some of the moments which would be spent in seeing that happiness is over for her.'—Vol. ii. p. 66.

Eugénie had always seemed to her sister marked out by her intensity of devotedness for a strictly religious life of conventual character, but their mother's opinion was

otherwise. She wrote thus to her eldest daughter:—

'O my dear child, do not tell me that you think all is over with my dear Jane,* or that so many charming gifts will be buried and lost. Believe me, there is something in her nature of the little boy in the child's story-book, who, when in winter he was sledging and snowballing, cried, "Ah! if it could always be winter!" and in the delight of spring flowers, "Ah! if there were no end to spring!" and the same with summer and autumn. At Paris, she thought she could live nowhere else, and that the religious opportunities and interests of all kinds were as necessary to her as air to breathe. Now here, she cannot understand how she can ever leave her poor people and her chapel to return to Paris. If such a circumstance as I imagine possible should come to pass, I do not see why we should think her invulnerable to such a new impression, and you quite give me pain when you seem to accept her life such as she has made it, without foresight, and under the influence of the present period. After all, God is there, and, as you say, He has given us too many proofs of His protection for us not to give ourselves up entirely to Him. Most wonderful! I ask of Him nothing for Eugénie but to let me clearly perceive His will concerning her, and to continue to bless her.'—Vol. ii. p. 152.

This was written a few months after Albert's death, and we cannot refrain from giving a little more from the papers of this excellent woman. Deeply pious herself, she had a strong dislike to all that was peculiar, exaggerated, narrow, or calculated to attract notice; and when Eugénie in the sweet, youthful severity of her twenty years, talked of wishing to be plain instead of beautiful, or showed an open disdain for the affairs of common life, with a degree of scorn for those who attended to them, Madame de la Ferronnays was distressed, tried to check her, and then almost repented, and wrote thus to Mrs. Craven in the beginning of 1837:—

'Perhaps I am wrong, and I acknowledge it; but this in part arises from the notion I have always formed of perfection, which I always viewed as becoming all things to all men, preferring rather to give up some attractive devout observance than to grieve or vex others by marking their great distance behind, and never losing sight of the aim of showing how loveable and how easy is that love of God which always inspires such consideration for others as I like to see in practice. However, there is great perfection in thus rising all at once without looking at the earth. Eugénie has chosen the better part, and this would perhaps be God's judg-

* Eugénie's pet name.

ment between us two. Certainly, I am far from her, and it is perhaps for this humbling reason that I do not always understand or approve her. My large wings hover scarcely two feet above the earth; and when I say my wings, I fear they are really good stout hooks that fasten me to the earth, and hinder me from rising, merely allowing me to lift up my head a little and gaze at the sky and things ethereal.'—Vol. ii. p. 117.

This wise and humble woman—this model for the many mothers perplexed by their daughters' aspirations—writes again in the July of the same year:

'Eugénie has gained much for some time past. Last winter the idea of a *ménagement* could not penetrate her head. She pushed her devotion in full front, through the very narrowest places,* and always seemed put out† when there was any attempt at recommending her the least precautions on this head. Now the dear child understands them of her own accord, and takes them of herself; and this is a great pleasure to me. She is the first to devise the right means; and for my part, I think the little efforts to be able to serve God without grieving or shocking any one are so many fresh pleasures.'—*Ibid.*

This softening in Eugénie was a preparation for 'the circumstance' her mother 'had thought possible.' The intimate friends of the family were the Marquis and Marquise de Mun. The former had been one of the members of the numerous emigrant household with which Madame de Tessé roamed through Switzerland and Germany, and had been with Madame de Montagu when she learnt the tidings of the martyrdom of her sister, mother, and grandmother. In the spring of 1837 they lost their only daughter, Antonine, a great friend of Eugénie's, and the intensity of their sorrow occupied the La Ferronnays family so completely, that when it became perceptible that nothing would so console them as a marriage between their only son Adrien and Eugénie de la Ferronnays, she would hardly have dared to grieve them by a refusal. In November, 1837, Alexandrine writes:—

'MY PAULE, — Eugénie is writing to you in the drawing-room, and every one there is busy, so I shall do the same and come to gossip a little with you. Perhaps it is an omen, like some other little things, that for the first time I cannot find a single sheet of my black-edged writing paper (to which I hold, as to all my mourning). This is a parenthesis, before coming to a singular, unforeseen thing, worthy

* 'Elle présentait sa dévotion de front, aux passages les plus étroits.
† 'Contrariée.'

of the strangeness of life, of which you already probably know something through your mother, who hides nothing from you. Then, to the point. I shall not tell you much, for, first, I am very prudent, and will not commit myself, and then because, in fact, I am sure of nothing. But I will agree with you that I am a little surprised, and that it appears to me that our Eugénie's complete aversion to marriage is slightly shaking. Poor dear, she would be displeased with me if she saw this, and that would, perhaps, be enough to put an end to this mood. We must take care, the least imprudent word might overthrow the little flower that is just beginning to spring out of the snow. So, Paule, you must answer me, on a sheet apart, to myself (for Heaven's sake not in a letter to Eugénie; do not mistake). Do not allow yourself the slightest pleasantry with her, nor the most remote insinuation. Nothing—nothing, if you wish for this marriage.

'For my own part, I do not know what I wish; but I see that *he* does not at all displease Eugénie, and I think it not impossible that he may seize on her heart by surprise, provided he knows how to set about it, and I confess I think him capable of knowing.

'I will say to you, my Paule, that I think I am not too presumptuous when I say that this heart of Eugénie's is almost in my hands. I was almost alarmed to perceive this, and the terrible responsibility it gives me. I pray God to direct every word I may say to this angel, and to every one else, in this matter. I did not think I had such an ascendancy over her; I thought, on the contrary, that she governed me. Yet still she says things like what she used to say, some months ago, that she had rather be grilled on a fire than change her condition, &c., &c. But I represent to her that, unless she is absolutely decided against marriage, she had better have an amiable man whom she can love, than run the risk of having to consent later to an unloving marriage to please her friends.'—Vol. ii. p. 152-4.

A few days later, the mother could write that all was arranged, and her heart swam with gratitude, and Eugénie herself, in a few hurried lines, says:—

'O life! life! it is very short, but it has time to be thoroughly overset. Joy and grief, take care it shall not be monotonous. I have one wish clear, — always to love death, and to long most of all to see God.'—Vol. ii. p. 155.

Poor Eugénie! she was more startled than happy, or perhaps she was startled at her own happiness, and full of dread of the future; but on her first visit to her future home at Lumigny, the terrible void left by the daughter's death, and the affliction of the parents, convinced her more and more that there was a vocation for her there.

Mr. Craven could not leave Lisbon, but his wife came alone to attend the marriage, and, after a terrible voyage, arrived just in time. The wedding took place two days after, on one of the first days of March, 1838, but the joyfulness of the day was much discomposed by an accident that befell Madame de Mun on the way to the chapel. Her dress caught in a doorway, her hands were in a muff, which prevented her from catching her son's arm, and she fell, cutting her forehead so that Eugénie, who ran to assist her, had her bridal dress spotted with blood. Madame de Mun would not permit the wedding to be delayed, and the accident proved to be of no consequence, but it made a painful impression.

Alexandrine took a full share in these family joys, and showed herself cheerful, active, and possessed of a playfulness that, as Mrs. Craven says, with half an apology, rendered her a very amusing person. But these festivals left her afterwards a prey to the reaction of bitter regrets for her own past happiness. Sometimes she almost seems to hug her grief, one would at first say morbidly, but that it gradually reveals itself that she felt this sorrow was her preservation from becoming again absorbed in the worldly pleasures for which her natural inclination was so strong. Her love for Albert had given her mind a direction towards Heaven, and she clung to it the more on that account. In the summer she made another journey to meet her mother in Germany, not without regret that she would thus be prevented from spending the anniversary of her husband's death at his tomb at Boury. How she did spend it must be told in the words of her own letter to Eugénie:

'ISCHL, July 3, 1838. — Dear Sister, I have always something to tell you, and I am going to make a long story, though I am tired of so much writing. Yet, in the drawing-room this evening I had a secret jubilation, a delicious enthusiasm, which made me think of beginning my letter with "Blessed be God for having brought me to Ischl." The material things of the evening, and the conversation between four women, without reckoning ourselves, cooled me somewhat. But my mind is still full of gladness. I have been able to do a service to a dying consumptive patient and a priest. Unless I had come to Ischl he would have died under a load, from which, by God's grace, I have been able to deliver him.

'I like to tell you all at length. Yesterday I took a fancy to go into the garden (if I had not gone thither I should not have had the pleasure of being where I have been). I first admired the roses, the butterfly, &c., and then sat down

in a little arbour to read Bossuet. I was surprised to hear bells ringing, and thought something was going on at church. I asked a maid, who answered, with some agitation, that the Holy Sacrament was being brought to the sick young priest. I had heard mamma mention this young priest, and had already struggled with my shyness to tell her that I wished to go and see him. This took me there naturally. I knelt down, like every one else, under the gateway, while the priests passed; then I went up also, and was present at his acceptance of the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. All those present wept, even the parish priest. Afterwards I asked leave to come near the patient. I said I had seen my husband under the same disease. I was much moved. Consumptive, and a priest — a priest only for eleven months — and whom I knew to have made himself ill by over-study. Oh, it all seemed so holy! He had a peaceful smile. I asked his blessing and knelt down by his bed: he seemed touched, and blessed me, with his cold hands on my head. It was a sweet recollection all day. I much wished to return to-day: he had told me he should be glad of it: *happily* I was told he was worse and his death expected every moment; this gave me an excuse for returning in the evening. Thank God, mamma never hinders me. He asked pardon for not talking, saying it was forbidden. After having looked at him with pity and respect, and watched the oppression that, alas! I know so well, I was going, when the happy thought occurred to me of saying how I wished I could do anything for him. He softly said, "There might be something." I quickly asked what. He answered, — "If I knew all the circumstances." I insisted. He said, — and again I met that strange symptom in this disease of fancying oneself recovering, — that when he was better he would tell me. Judge whether I insisted. Then he said, "It cannot be told here." There was a nurse: I understood, and so did she: she left the room softly, and I told him we were alone. He hesitated, and said it was too bold. I cried out that I begged him to regard me as a sister, and thus to speak to me, that we are all brethren. This made him speak in an instant. He had a debt that he felt immense (it is 300 francs). He had studied, though exceedingly poor: his books had ruined him; and his parents have eleven children. He was dreadfully grieved at leaving them this debt, the amount of which he had only calculated a few days previously. Imagine if I did not tell him that he had it no longer, and whether I was not happy! He thanked me, and I thanked him for the great delight he had afforded me. Oh! to hear him say that he was relieved of an enormous weight; it was sweet, I assure you. But he repeated that "it was too bold, that but for his illness he should not have done it, but illness changes one," while I repeated that we had but one Father and are all brethren. When I bade him sleep well that night, he smiled at me, as if to say that *now* he could. To-morrow I shall

carry him the money, after my dear seven o'clock mass. He will not die to-night. I long to give it to him, — I can hear him cough, my window is open, and I have just seen his light, for it is his room that I see from hence. I ask you if it is not Albert who gave us these lodgings, where we established ourselves on the 29th of June.* Oh! what a sweet favour from God is this! What delicious thoughts I had while at work this evening! After a thing like this I do not feel my troubles for some hours, I feel nothing but faith and love. Oh! sweet, fraternal, Catholic union! How sweet and peaceful was the whole scene in his room yesterday and to-day, — a sunbeam shone on his bed through the Venetian blinds; he has a piano and flowers, a little white smiling room. A priest's death appears to me a degree more solemn than it did before. He wrote to his parents to-day. Oh, may they come in time!†

'Wednesday, July 4. — I carried it to him this morning. I cannot tell you what I felt when I saw the joy in his eyes, and heard him again say that "a great burthen was taken off his heart, and that he was able to sleep for some hours last night." When I told him I was so happy to have been there, he answered that it was he who was happy, that he had not known what to do, and that God had sent an angel to his succour. He said this quite simply, and I could accept the word more than one usually can, since angels are but the messengers of God, and it seems evident that I was the messenger of His will. Oh! what good it does one! This is the second time I have had the pleasure of being able to assist a priest: M. L — last year, and this year one in a decline. I always have such a wish to give any pleasure to consumptive patients, especially in their last moments, and I had so prayed that God would give me a very good work for Albert's anniversary. Send this letter to our good and holy friend, † for I cannot write all this twice, and I should like him to know my joy.

'I get blessings wherever I can. The other day I made an old dying woman give me one, and heard her say almost the same words as I have heard M. l'Abbé quote, "Suffering is not sinning."'

The young priest died a few days after Alexandrine left Ischl. She went thence to Vienna and Prague. Near Prague lay Kirchberg, the residence of the Duke de Blacas, the same ex-minister of Louis XVIII. whose name is now become so interesting to us for the sake of that exquisite collection of antiques which have just been purchased from his heirs for the British Museum. His duchess was a sister of Madame de la Ferronnays, and Kirchberg was at this time giving shelter to the exiled Royal Family of France.

* The day of Albert's death.
† The Abbe Gerbet.

Eugénie writes to her sister: —

'Listen how our Alex. made her entrée at the Castle of Kirchberg. There is nothing like a shy person for making a bold stroke! You know she was to have a meeting with my aunt two leagues from the castle. She came to the place and found no one. Then all alone, without Julien or Constance,* she got into a sort of cart, with a great bag in her hand, her bonnet all on one side, as often befalls her, and effected her entrance at the castle, where she was received by my aunt with the greatest affection, and on the spot presented to all the royal family! Then at the end of two hours, she set out to meet her mother. Poor dear! Fancy her arriving in a cart, her hair disordered, her shyness enduring this terrible trial of awkwardness. As to her success, I am not uneasy. Does she not always please, and everywhere, no matter how? We know that she was excellently received by every one, and was further expected with great curiosity.' — Vol. ii. p. 205.

She says herself: —

'It was rather strong for me, was it not, and all without time to change my dress or my stockings, and with hair that there had not been time to plait and scarcely to fasten up. It was a real *coup de feu*, in the midst of which I had to silence my vanity; but altogether I was greatly interested.'

A-propos to her vanity, as she calls it, the Princess Lapoukhyn was so urgent with Alexandrine to make her mourning less deep, that she yielded, so far as to change her black caps and collars for white ones. 'She would persuade me to wear silk, and even grey. Poor mamma! she would like imperceptibly to me *remondaniser* a little, and I do not like to vex her, but she little guesses the effect that little word *grey* had on me the other day.' Nor did Alexandrine even make any further alteration in her costume, to which she clung, not only as a memorial of her Albert, but as a preservative from the allurements of the love of admiration, which was so natural to her that once in the last year of her life, when she was told of some one who had been struck with her appearance, she cried out, half playfully, indignantly, 'If some one told me I was pretty in my last agony, I should be pleased.'

She returned to France in the autumn, and found Eugénie exceedingly happy in her new home at Lumigny, so happy that she almost wondered at herself, and delighted in summing up in her letters all the joys

* Her servants.

of her life, and these were increased on the 25th of April, 1839, by the birth of a son. In the autumn there was a general family assembly at Boury, including the Cravens, who were on their way to reside at Brussels, and afterwards M. and Madame de la Ferronnays, with their two youngest daughters and Alexandrine, set out to spend the winter at Naples, partly for the sake of revisiting scenes so much endeared to them, partly because variety was thought good for Olga, and because the ladies of the family had always thought that M. de la Ferronnays suffered from the want of all natural beauty in this dull Norman landscape.

Olga's journal here becomes the principal guide. Mrs. Craven describes its very aspect as touching, the irregular writing so recalling her infirmity, and there is about the expressions a certain childish artlessness that we fear a translation can never render. She was then just seventeen, and the scenery of Italy charmed her intensely. At Naples, too, she met two Russian playmates of her early childhood, and was so full of enjoyment that she then seems to have had the one naughty fit (or what so seemed to her) of her innocent life. She writes in her diary :—

'To-day, I have had both sorrow and joy; sorrow, because my father was displeased that I stayed so late yesterday evening with the Narishkins, and I am so foolishly timid that I stayed a whole hour with him, wishing to speak it all out with him, and instead of daring to open my mouth, I cried. Mamma told me, because of yesterday evening, that she was frightened to see how easily I let myself be carried away by the charm of present pleasure. It is quite true, I let myself go with every impression without ever having energy to consider the consequences and take good resolution. Well, *pazienza*, may God make me good, and correct me of my faults.

'I said likewise that I have had joys. Ah, yes; a true joy. Fernand told me that yesterday evening he was with E. S. R. and M., and they read aloud a letter from Père Lacordaire, addressed some years ago to R.—a magnificent letter! At first they made jokes, but by the end every one was grave, and at last they all took good and serious resolutions, and to-day I have a note from the N's telling me that R. told them he said his prayers yesterday for the first time since last October. This gave me pleasure such as I cannot express. It seems to me as if, if everybody was good, I should be better.

'My God, my God, by Thy suffering and death, by which Thou hast promised to refuse nothing, let this be lasting, let them become good. Bless them, my God; bless Fernand, and grant him the grace of Thy love! Make

E. become good and serious, and let him know, I pray Thee, what a happiness it is to love Thee. Bless S. and make him become a Catholic. Confirm R. and restore all his better feelings; protect, inspire, strengthen them. Bless them a thousand times, O Lord, and let this not pass away, I implore Thee; let them all find pious wives, to help, encourage, and love them. I shall pray much for all this to-morrow morning, for I am going early to church to confess and communicate.

'L'Abbé told me to-night to say my prayers, and go to sleep banishing all thought of sadness. I am going to do so. Bless me also, O my God, I pray Thee; I love Thee, and I will love Thee all my life; inspire me with the prayers I ought to make, and grant, me of Thy favour, a little fervour.

'My God, my God, may Thy will be entirely done in me. Thou knowest what I wish, but I would have none of it, if it be not Thy will. Make me truly good, humble, modest; give me the energy I need to correct myself. Lord, Thou knowest that I should like to be happy, and that is not surprising to Thee, is it, my God? Thou knowest the kind of happiness I desire; if Thou wilt, give it to me. But hear me not, if I ask what displeases Thee. Let me die rather than offend Thee mortally: that I have always asked. Make me ask it always. I pray for all I love,—my dear father and mother, my brothers, my beloved sisters, my friends Mathilde and Fanny, my other sisters, Euphémie and Nathalie. I will love Thee, my God. Pardon my many faults; I will not think of them, I will only think of Thee, my God, of Thy infinite love; I cast myself into Thine arms. Let me love Thee, Lord, and never love any one more than Thee.'—Vol. ii. pp. 255-7.

We have given this day's journal at length, though well aware that some will deem it perille or trifling, because we find in no other means could the peculiar tender sweetness and confidence of Olga's nature be shown. She wrote at the same time all that was on her mind to Engénie, and her answer to the confession of the little fit of dissipation is well worth preserving :—

'Feb. 17th, 1840.—Dear little Sister, to tell you the truth, I believe you are only experiencing the passing effect of your first year in a world where everything is striking, surprising, agitating. Distrust yourself, my Oligette, try to master your thoughts if you can. Amuse yourself simply in the world. You are so young! When the time of true sorrow has come, you will regret having saddened your poor heart at the moment when it only wanted to expand and be happy. What is the ruling notion in all this? A vague uneasiness about the future, a sort of haste to know how it will be fixed. Be then at peace, trust to God, and direct your thoughts and will to Him when you feel yourself agitated by this wave of the

world. My sweet little sister, let me recommend you one thing in which you have never yet failed; but you never should fail. Whatever are your thoughts, feelings, dreams, confide them always, never shut them up within yourself, for the devil makes his profit of these wrong retreats into ourselves. When one has a mother like ours, and a sister like our Pauline, to whom one can say everything, and who only argue with you with tenderness for what you express, would it not be a sin to refuse such assistance?

'Watch over yourself, distrust your languor, give yourself a little physical and moral activity, just as I set myself sometimes to laugh and talk in order to conquer my frequent inclination to be silent. Walk about, do many things in a day, never refuse a commission, set chairs when they are wanted, pick up handkerchiefs for those who let them fall, and keep off your absent fits as one keeps off bad thoughts. Believe me, it is necessary: these are real little acts of virtue; they will cost you something, but they must be done. Another piece of advice with regard to Albertine. You must help her out of childhood; the work belongs to you. Give it a little of the interest you expend too much on other things. Be to her what Pauline was to me. When she took possession of me I was a raw lump (*morceau brut*), she polished and formed me. The doors of my understanding were all closed; she opened them, and that time has always seemed to me like the passing from night to day. Will not you do the same for Albertine? If I was there, I should do it *con amore*, for Pauline is always before my mind. Do not forget to answer me. Tell me how you contrive with your dress, and how your purse stands. Pray have no debts.' — Vol. ii. pp. 259-60.

In April Madame de la Ferronnays and Olga went to spend a couple of months with Madame de Blacas, who was then at Goritz with the Royal Family, then consisting of the Duke de Bordeaux, his sister, not yet married, and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême. They were very gracious, but it seems to have been horribly dull for poor little Olga, except when she was with the young princess — Mademoiselle, as she was termed — who was delighted with her young companion. We cannot refrain from giving another extract from the naïve journal: —

'Sunday, May 17th. — This evening, at the King's, there were a good many people from Goritz, some very pretty. As no work is done on Sunday, there are cards. I lost. Mademoiselle was charming, with natural flowers in her hair. At half-past eight the Queen rises and dismisses the company, then sits down again, and one remains *en petit comité* till nine, when every one retires. Mademoiselle told me she was always in bed by thirty-five minutes past nine. She gets up at six — that is not bad — nine hours' sleep! Oh! poor princes,

they do not lead a very gay life. In the evening everybody sits working round a circular table, and Mademoiselle often yawns with all her might without the least restraint. She laughed as she told me how she spent her time in her brother's absence. She was alone with her uncle, her aunt, and Mme. de G. "It was very serious," she said. I should think so! More so than Boury, when there is nobody but me to make talk. Well, though I was sometimes tired at Boury, and longed to travel a little, I never was unhappy there. On the contrary, I had delightful moments of calmness and serenity such as one can hardly experience, I think, except in a regular life, especially in the midst of a numerous family where there is all the charm I have always experienced in mine. A uniform life is not at all wearisome. Yet one does want a little variety from time to time. Then my life, such as I dream of it, would be charming.'

'Saturday, 23d. — To-day I went out with Mademoiselle in the carriage and on foot. She gave me a charming little parasol when she went to Strassoldo. I do not think there exists, or ever existed, even in a fairy tale, a more charming princess.

'A walk with her, then a long time in her room. She played the harp, and I sang. Got up at five to say adieu to the Queen, who goes at six. Walk to Saint Maur, my aunt's country-house, with her, my mother, Stanislas and Olivier.* A delightful place, but these walks are real crosses to me, because of my eyes, and I am not allowed to mention them to every one. I had much rather do so, as an excuse for my awkwardness and *maladresse* in these walks. I always have the spleen in them. I cannot say a word. I cannot tell how to answer when I am asked how I like the view. My God, I assure Thee it is a cross. I hope Thou so lookest on it. I offer it to Thee certainly, but I cannot say I like it, or that I had not much rather be without it.' — Vol. ii. pp. 266-7.

Poor little dear, the next day she writes:—

'I read over what I wrote in my journal yesterday and thought myself horribly silly, and it actually came to mamma's eyes, and she thought so too. I will not set down all that comes into my head, it is so absurd when one reads it again. I end all my *châteaux en Espagne* by giving myself up entirely to God, and to-day there is no great merit in it, for I desire nothing at all, not even what I thought I desired yesterday. It quite chills me that mamma thought that silly. Imaginary sentiments are always ridiculous. I will write no more of that kind, and think it as little as possible.'

The real sorrows that were to cloud the poor child's life began to gather. Eugénie's health was breaking, and after the birth of

* Her cousins, the Count de Blacas and Duke de Tourzel.

her second son she was ordered to Italy, where she arrived in the autumn of 1841, with her husband and her eldest child, and the usual home party went to spend the winter at Rome, all except Alexandrine, who was with her own relations, having lately lost one of her brothers.

Madame de la Ferronnays had for some time past been anxious about her husband's health: occasional spasms had attacked him, and though these were always relieved at once by bleeding, she much dreaded that there was some deep cause for them. When, therefore, his death took place, on the 17th of January, 1842, so suddenly that Olga and Albertine were dressing for a ball at the time, she could scarcely be said to be unprepared. Indeed, in her first letter to her eldest daughter, written only four days later, she says, 'The dread of this moment had been the fixed idea of her life for forty years; she had feared losing him from the moment she was his, and had never had an hour of entire forgetfulness that thus it might be. Trust and prayer to God alone had kept her up under the trembling of heart in which she had lived.' She finishes this first letter, 'God has just laid His cross on my shoulders. I hope to bear it, if He will give me strength.' On the following day she writes at length to her daughter the history of the event, and of the many blessings that attended it. She herself had been unwell and in bed for the previous week, and had been a little surprised that he had not waited for her to join him as usual in the course of devotions at the Seven Churches, ending by communicating at S. Peter's. On the Sunday he dined with the Princess Borghese, and there was much interested in the account of a young Jew, at present a blasphemer, but for whose conversion Count Théodore de Bussière, an excellent French gentleman, was very anxious. M. de la Ferronnays told his wife about it on his return, speaking warmly of the good done by M. de Bussière, and adding sadly, 'I do nothing.'

The next day he went to mass, and afterwards took a walk with Eugénie and her husband; his wife 'though quite well, reserving herself to take the two girls to the ball for which they were preparing, 'to the great compassion, I think, of our good angels, and of all who watch over us in heaven.' After gathering flowers with them in complete enjoyment of a lovely day, he left them and drove to Santa Maria Maggiore, where, as he told his wife on his return, he went through, according to a daily custom of long standing, the Office of

Preparation for death, and then the 'Remember,' an intercessory prayer, was repeated by him more than twenty times, for, as he said, 'objects without number.' Then after the Benediction he returned home, delighted with his afternoon, talked to his wife about it, sat down to his desk and wrote, then dined, and afterwards had a game at play with his little grandson. There was a charcoal brazier in the room, and he had been warming his feet there, but probably the organic disease was really the cause of the attack that came on. He left the room, and presently his wife was summoned and was told he had a spasm. A surgeon was sent for; by the time he came he was so much better that he did not bleed him; but just as he was gone another attack came on. Madame de la Ferronnays hurried to the stairs to have the surgeon recalled. When she returned the Abbé Gerbet (who happily was then residing at Rome) was repeating the Absolution of the dying.

There was a glorious, radiant look of hope and joy; a murmured farewell to wife and children; an embrace to the crucifix; a word of thanks to Eugénie for raising his head with a pillow; and then the hand was motionless—the pulse beat no more. Who could have wished the last day of his life to be spent otherwise? Madame de la Ferronnays knelt on by his side. When her son-in-law came to her, hours after, she said, 'I am well, I feel so near him. I think we have never been so united.' And at daybreak she went to church, and received the Holy Communion they had intended to receive together (it was the festival called *Cathedra Sancti Petri*), and doubtless together they did receive it. Except when at church, she sat or knelt continually beside the bed, only now and then yielding to entreaties that she would lie down in Eugénie's room. Priests came and went, and prayers were constantly round her; but she was hardly conscious of aught but a constant effort to repeat that she strove to unite her agony to that of our Lord and His blessed Mother at the foot of the Cross. At last, the Abbé Gerbet roused her by pulling by the arm, saying, with much emotion, that 'Bussière had something to tell her that would please her, and in which M. de la Ferronnays was concerned.'

Alphonso Ratisbonne, the Jew of whom M. de la Ferronnays had taken such interest, though he had never seen him, a highly educated man, son of a rich banker at Strasburg, had been sauntering in the church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, where

preparations for the funeral were being made, when, in the words of the Abbé Gerbet's letter to Mrs. Craven, 'he was suddenly converted, like S. Paul on his way to Damascus, by one of the miraculous strokes of Divine power and goodness. He was standing opposite to a chapel dedicated to the Guardian Angel, when suddenly a luminous apparition of the Holy Virgin signed to him to go towards the chapel. An irresistible force drew him thither, he fell on his knees, and instantly became a Christian. His first words to his companions were, "That gentleman must have prayed much for me."'

We make no comment. Alphonso Ratisbonne lives a bright light of the Church, and the history is testified to by the Abbé Gerbet, Count Théodore de la Bussière, and Count Théobald Valh; and these are not men whose witness should be lightly regarded. Nor is this the place for the discussion. Our business is with the La Ferronnays family, who, as well may be believed, were lifted up with exceeding thankfulness, such as bore them, as it were, above their grief. Alexandrine, hurrying back to them, wrote, 'Never was I in such an atmosphere of holy and gentle sorrow, virtue, simplicity, and visible Divine protection.' Eugénie's spiritual nature rose at first, but at the expense of her already shattered frame, and as her disease made progress, her spirits sank into a state of extreme depression.

The physicians ordered her to leave Rome. She went on the 2d of April, leaving her little Robert with his grandmother. Madame de Bussière heard her whisper as the child was lifted into the carriage for her last kiss. 'You will never see your mother again;' but she seemed almost cheerful, as if feeling that apart from her dear ones she could better make the sacrifice. She was better at Naples, where she met her early friend Mme. de Raigecour, who, herself in delicate health, was on the way to the East with her husband. They embarked together for Palermo, where they arrived on the 6th, and still she seemed better, but at seven o'clock the next morning her husband knocked at the Raigecours' bedroom door, and they, hurrying to her bedside, found her expiring 'without a convulsion, without an effort, as gently as she had lived.' In her paper-case was found the beginning of a letter to Mrs. Craven, 'Dear Sister of my life,'—no more, the last words she ever wrote.

M. de Raigecour wrote the tidings to the Abbé Gerbet, who conveyed them to the

mother. 'Our angels in heaven thought we had not strength to receive that last sigh,' she says to Pauline. One hardly dares dwell on the beauty of that mother's resignation and strength, while, as she said, she saw her 'tree of shelter losing its leaves one by one,' and already for Olga she had great anxieties, so severely had the sudden shock of her father's death told upon the young girl. The sense of being her mother's comfort, however, bore Olga up under this last stroke, and as soon as the widowed son-in-law returned from Naples the family returned to France, where Mrs. Craven came to meet them.

She had been very ill from the shock of Eugénie's death, but almost the first day of her going out at Brussels she had the great pleasure of meeting Alphonso Ratisbonne. He was about to become a Jesuit, saying that to Him who had given him so much he could not offer 'less than all.' He told Mrs. Craven that he considered no earthly tie equal to that which bound him to her father. 'I owe him more than life,' he said; 'I feel myself more his child than you yourself.'

The conversation she had with the convert infinitely cheered the daughter, and she felt strong enough for the sad meeting with her mother and sisters. She took them back with her to Brussels, and whilst she had the charge of them, Alexandrine, now consoler and comforter-general, was needed by her own family. Another stroke was near. The autumn was to be spent at a lonely little sea-place called Blankenburg, as being quieter than Brussels; and there, one stormy afternoon, when walking on the beach, some inexpressible change was remarked by Pauline on Olga's face, that assured her that she would die. That very night a pain in the side came on: they took her to Brussels for advice, and there she lingered five months, suffering at first especially from a nervous affection that made her ready to weep at everything, until the time when her state was hopeless, when her cheerfulness became unfailing. The spirit in which she endured is shown by one trait. Two days before her death, when broth was offered her, she said: 'I like water better;' then, 'I like better — JESUS CHRIST on the Cross did not say, I like.'

Her last words, as she lay with her arms crossed on her breast, were, 'I believe, I love, I hope, I repent. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' Then a few inarticulate words, among them the name of Eugénie; and even when speech was over, the triumphant joy of her countenance

made her gasping breath seem like the panting of one close to the goal of a long race. She died on the 10th of February, 1842, thirteen months after her father, nine months after her sister. Alexandrine had already returned, and with her mother's full consent, resolved thenceforth to devote herself wholly to Mme. de la Ferronnays, who had now only little Albertine, still a mere child, besides her married daughter, who of course could not be always with her. We have scarcely dwelt upon Alexandrine during the preceding two years, during which she was first gathering up all the sacred treasures of memory in Italy, and then ministering to all the afflicted round her—all the time working away at the Memoir of her married life, which, as before said, is the groundwork of the whole book—a seven years' task of love, to which she put her last touch on the very day of Olga's death. It was just after Olga had received extreme unction that on leaving her room Mrs. Craven was seized with a fit of weeping, and was for some time nearly choked with tears. Presently Alexandrine gravely and gently said, 'You weep because our Olga is going to heaven, and now she is almost beyond this world you would bring her back. Tell me then what happiness you can secure for her on earth?' Her tone and accent, her sister says, were 'indescribably impressive.' Indeed, these seven years had been a time of growth, and in it she attained to the development in which we now see her, as the blessing to her home, the active devoted labourer among the poor, and as a being constantly living as one above the world. Far from shrinking from the house of mourning, the mother and daughter-in-law went from Olga's death-bed to that of old M. de Mun, who had never really recovered from the loss of his daughter, but was now dying in so blessed a frame that, as he was listening to the chapter of Thomas à Kempis on the joys of heaven, he said, 'I have read that often all through my life, but never understood it till now.' After spending some weeks with the widow and her son, they returned to Boury, whence Mme. de la Ferronnays writes one of her patient, beautiful letters:—

'BOURY, Sept. 1, 1843.—My dear beloved daughter, let us see how long it is since I wrote to you; I look at my diary and find it is the fourth day,—a long time. There was a time when one letter was scarcely ended before one thought of beginning another. Then there was movement and life, but, now what can be done to get out of the tomb I am plunged into? I see nothing, I understand nothing, I

think of nothing. Besides, our convent life is so methodical and punctual that time sometimes fails me, and this regularity is a remedy, a refreshing balm to our wounds. And what wounds? Three living limbs cut—torn away, and the first wound still fresh and open. Certainly, if our good God were not the foundation of all our occupations and did not fill most of them, we should find nothing around us but death; but He restores life, at least I hope it is He.

I often pass from one frame of mind to another. The other day, on the stairs, I felt suddenly as if I were forsaken alone on a desert island, and I often have the restlessness of mind of wanting to be wherever I am not. On the whole, however, I had rather be here than elsewhere; I am more entirely with those dear ones; and then this dear chapel, where I hope they sometimes pity and weep for me, and understand how I miss their beautiful songs and heavenly voices. My kind Alexandrine is practising on the organ, and I feel most thankful to her. I know it is to please me, and so it does, for I cling to all that still remains of the past, or that can in the least remind me of it. Is it weakness or strength? I cannot tell, I should be inclined to call it weakness, and perhaps want of complete resignation: I know not how to make my sacrifice complete; I fasten myself on little things for want of great ones. But I think I can also say that there is a little desire to gratify those who want to gratify me, and to whom this gives interest and occupation. If I were alone, nothing would be thought of. Poor Alexandrine practised till nearly twelve on the organ last night, and this morning she played beautiful harmonious things. But the voices! Ah, that is what nothing can restore to us on earth.

'After breakfast, I begin by reading with Albertine, and afterwards with Alexandrine. Then Albertine brings me her historical exercises; I listen to her practice on the piano, and afterwards go into my room and arrange my letters,* and then time flies. At four I go to the cemetery, then for a little while to the chapel, then dinner, then a visit to poor Louise Thiers, or some one else, then the meeting in the drawing-room, where we are reading aloud the life of S. Francis of Assisi, then to prayers, and on our return, tea and bed; and then it is that sometimes when I am alone in my room, I am taken by nervous fears that keep me from sleeping. The complete solitude then becomes so oppressive that I should never sleep at all did I not think that those dear ones are around me, and guard my rest. We shall stay here then, as we are, till the 1st of November, perhaps longer, if the weather is fine. Dear child, I like to think you have such a fine season for your sea-bathing. Last year—ah! were we then at Blankenburg—if it had been as fine as now,—but no, she was ill already, she had that pain in the side. I am always fancying I

* Her husband's letters to herself.

am hearing of all these afflictions.' — Vol. ii. pp. 350-2.

As Madame de la Ferronnays began, through her spirit of resignation, to recover the tone of her mind, Alexandrine threw herself more and more into the world of devotion, and became more detached from ordinary life. Abbé Gerbet, her first confessor, was still at Rome, and Père de Ravignan was now her guide, and led her higher and higher; 'the first,' Mrs. Craven says, 'taught her to walk, the second to climb.' An intense desire took possession of her to devote herself entirely to God; she seemed to fear allowing any earthly consideration to detain her, and for a time entered the establishment called the Filles de Sion, founded by Père Alphonso Ratisbonne; but it did not answer; her spirit was too strong and independent for monastic life, and by Père Ravignan's advice she gave it up, and, as she said, 'returned to her sweet part of Ruth,' much the happier and more at peace for the experiment having been made, and being, as it were, off her mind. There was plenty of work for her to busy herself on in comparative independence of action, though not isolation; she became a member of one of those orders of S. Vincent de Paul that find and authorize work for every one in their degree, and while living at home toiled with all her heart for the poor.

Once she had been a great letter-writer, and loved to sit dreaming over her desk; but now she was too busy to write often or at length, though her notes gained in strength and spirit. In the summer of 1845 she spent some time with Mrs. Craven at Baden, writing beforehand to say she only wanted 'a maid-servant's corner;' but the fond sister had of course prepared a room as pretty as she could make it, such as Alexandrine with her elegant tastes would have once enjoyed. But now, while coaxing her sister, and laughing at herself, she could not be satisfied till all the ornaments were taken away, and the furniture reduced to the merest necessities — it was a sort of repugnance to luxury and a love of likeness to the poor, and in the few weeks she spent at Baden she had found out so many poor that she spent all the mornings, and part of many afternoons, in attending on them. She read a good deal, but solely religious books; on secular books, such as memoirs, histories, or novels, such as had formerly interested her to an unusual degree, she had no power of fixing her attention.

'One day, in the course of this summer, we happened to be at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Those who know Baden are aware that from one of the balconies of this hotel all that is passing on the promenade may be plainly seen and heard. We were on this balcony at night-fall; we heard the band play (and admirably) a waltz, and through the trees we saw the numerous groups of company, and from that distance everything took that festival air which is so easily assumed on a fine summer evening by this sort of assembly in the open air. This is even one of those external impressions that awaken in the heart of the young a feeling of gaiety and life that is not without danger to some.'

'A few years earlier, Alexandrine would have carefully fled from any impression of this kind, because of the heartrending regrets the contrast would have awakened, and also from a sort of dread (inspired by her self-distrust) of again finding herself accessible to the least attraction in a worldly or brilliant amusement, be it what it might. Recollecting this, I asked her what she thought of these distant sounds of mirth, which brought back to me so vividly the past days. She quietly answered me, with a smile, that she never thought of those days now, and continued to look at the promenade and the starry sky with an expression she wore sometimes, and which made her really beautiful. As I write, I see her as she was then, for the moment is one of those we have spoken of as difficult to describe as it is impossible to forget. She remained a moment thus: then taking from her pocket a little book, where she set down anything that interested her in her readings, "Here," she said, "this is what is really beautiful, interesting, and important," and she read me in Latin these words of, I think, S. Augustine, "*O amare! O ire! O sibi perire! O ad Deum pervenire!*" Never, never have I forgotten the tone in which she read those words, nor the hour, the place, the day, when I heard them. But I feel that it is very difficult to communicate this impression. All this, however, must tend to show the nature of the change in her soul, a change which was only the more complete triumph of that great love, which without excluding one of those affections that flow from it, can alone and without any of these, be sufficient for the heart and fill it.' — Vol. ii. pp. 366-7.

Can we add anything to this? Yet there are a few traits more that must be given to show how the earthly love had raised the heart to heavenly love, and how sufficient Heaven now was to the once broken heart. 'We have had terrible days,' said Alexandrine, 'but now I mourn my Albert cheerfully.'

Her cares for the poor occupied her more and more. She gave away or sold for their benefit whatever was not absolutely necessary to her, and once when Mrs. Craven

chanced to open her wardrobe, at Paris, she found nothing there but two black gowns and a small stock of linen. One day, when she had been caught in a violent rain on one of the errands to the poor, which she always made on foot in all weathers, she took refuge in a house of the Sisters of Charity, where she was well known. One of the sisters told her that she had a pressing request to make her, on behalf of a poor woman who was in great need of a pair of shoes. Alexandrine at once took out the money, and presently a pair of shoes appeared, which the good sister insisted she should put on herself, instead of the worn-out pair she had on. Another time, a lady who had seen her in a church, went to the sisters of the convent it belonged to, and said that she had seen a lady, no doubt too poor to buy necessities, and that she should be glad to send her milk. She was much confused on hearing that this was Madame Albert de la Ferronnays; but Alexandrine herself was exceedingly amused at the blunder. This, however, was not till privation had really reduced her. She became more and more attached to her duties among the Parisian poor, and more unable to leave them when her mother-in-law went into the country. For several years after Albert's death she had kept on the lodgings in which he died, lending them to priests who had to be in Paris on business; but when first her charities had begun to engross her, she gave this up as a selfish expense; and she now decided on taking an apartment at the convent of S. Thomas de Villeneuve. Mrs. Craven tried to dissuade her, feeling sure that she would injure herself by going without the comforts that she could not avoid in family life; but her mind was not to be changed, for she could not bear to leave her poor people for three months in the depth of winter.

All she could she gave to them. She would not have the fire kept up in her room when she was out, and she often returned shivering. Her diet was very different from what she was used to, and by the first week of 1848 she was seriously ill with inflammation. Her mother-in-law and Albertine were sent for; and, after an illness spent in full consciousness and perfect peace and hope, she died, on the 8th of February, 1848, having survived Albert twelve years. Her last words were not as those of one solely engrossed in the thought of reunion with him; they were of the higher Love.

The last remembrance Pauline had of her was standing in the sunshine in the cemetery at Boury, with a spray of jessamine in

her hand, her face bright, her eyes on the sky, as she said:

"O Pauline, how could I not love God, how can I not be transported when I think of Him! Is there any merit in that, even of faith, when I think of His miracle in my soul? when I feel that after so loving and desiring earthly happiness, I have had it, — lost it, and been in the depth of despair? but now my soul is so transformed and filled with happiness, that all I ever knew or imagined is nothing, nothing at all, in comparison."

"But, suppose you could be offered again such a life as I had hoped for you with Albert, and for long years?"

"I would not take it."

After such a conversation it was blessed to think of her as laid in the other half of the double grave she had prepared long before, with a cross between, engraven with the words:—

'Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separabit.'

Madame de la Ferronnays survived till the 15th of November of the same year, when she died of a short illness in Mrs. Craven's house at Baden. We feel that we have not done justice to the family portraits here presented to us, drawn by their own hands. Many beautiful portions have necessarily been passed over, among them the letters from the Abbé Gerbet, and the Comte de Montalembert, which form a marked feature in the book; but we hope we have said enough to set this most attractive type of excellence in some degree before our readers' eyes, and show the gradual growth of the saint from the bright beauty.

It is, perhaps, a shock to some readers to be so fully brought into a family interior. One almost feels oneself intruding: but it is now long since these joys and sorrows have become the treasures of memory, and Mrs. Craven, in compiling her collection, has but acted in compliance with a wish long ago expressed by M. de Montalembert, to make others know that a pure and sanctified love, 'the cup that God hath deigned to bless, need not sparkle less, or rather, that it may sparkle more than the world's gay garish feast.' It is to the credit of the French that they have appreciated the beauty at least of the delineation. Only a hundred copies were printed in 1865 for private distribution; but an article in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' made the characters of Eugénie, Albert, and Alexandrine known, and the volumes that lie before us in the spring of 1867 are of the sixth edition.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

THE FLEET PARSONS AND THE FLEET MARRIAGES.

IN the year 1837 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the state, custody, and authenticity of non-parochial registers in England and Wales. An Act — the provisions of which are still in force — for registering births, deaths, and marriages by a general civil process, was about to come into operation; and thus the future registration of the entire community had been secured. But as regarded the past, the only registers recognized by law were those kept at parish churches. It was proposed as far as possible to supply the deficiency involved in this exclusiveness, and to place all trustworthy non-parochial registers relating to previous years on the same footing as that of the records which were about to be kept under the new Act. With this object in view, and with the further design of discovering the best method for collecting and arranging these non-parochial records, the commissioners pursued their investigations.

The results attained by the commission were highly satisfactory. A large number of registers were submitted to the commissioners' examination, and were finally on their recommendation made evidence by the Act 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 92 — the documents, with the consent of their late custodians, being permanently deposited in the keeping of the Registrar-General. A comparatively small number of the volumes having been found untrustworthy, were returned to the various local authorities by whom they had been forwarded to London.

Amongst the registers which came into the hands of the commissioners at this time, were those curious and interesting records which have chiefly supplied us with our materials for the present paper — the records, namely, of the celebrated Fleet marriages. The books were more than 1,200 in number; nearly a thousand of them, however, being small pamphlets or memorandum-books extremely unlike the volumes employed for registration purposes. These registers had been purchased by Government in the year 1821, and since that date had been at the Registry of the diocese of London. They were now handed over to the commissioners, that their claims to be made evidence might be reconsidered; for hitherto they had been of but doubtful and disputed value in courts of law.

For various reasons which will become apparent to the reader as we proceed to an

examination of these extraordinary records, the commissioners came to the conclusion that they could not advise the placing of them on the same footing as those other non-parochial registers of which they had expressed their full approval. This conclusion, therefore, they signified in their report; adding, however, a recommendation that the Fleet books should be deposited in the same office with more unimpeachable documents. The suggestion was adopted; and the Fleet registers are now preserved at the office of the Registrar-General, Somerset House, where they are open to search, upon the payment of a small fee.

Many years ago, Mr. J. S. Burn, the author of the *History of Parish Registers*, published a valuable account of the Fleet marriages, and of that strange class of men who performed them. Having, by the kind permission of the Registrar-General, had such access to the registers as has enabled us to discover some things which will be new even to the readers of Mr. Burn's volume, we propose to give in these pages the results of our investigation, while we shall amplify the narrative from other sources. But before calling attention to the documents themselves, it is necessary to refer to the state of the English law as to marriage at the period which they illustrate — a period embracing the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the first half of the eighteenth.

It would seem then, in the first place, that prior to the coming into force of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act in March, 1754, it was not absolutely essential to the validity of matrimony that it should be presided over by a priest, or attended by any religious ceremony whatever. That is to say, the mutual consent of competent parties to become man and wife, when avowed before witnesses, even though accompanied by no solemnities such as the law enjoined and common custom followed, was held in a certain restricted sense to constitute real matrimony. It is true that marriage thus contracted was abhorred by the Church, and that the ecclesiastical law censured and punished it, and could, moreover, compel its solemnization according to prescribed form *in facie ecclesie*. Such marriage could not, however, be annulled. This, as it appears, had been acknowledged by the ecclesiastical courts from the thirteenth century downwards; and the practice of those courts had always been recognized by the English common and statute law.

The view of marriage implied in this practice had doubtless taken its origin in

the theological doctrine which taught that marriage was a sacrament. For it had been admitted in that doctrine that the sacramental *fact* lay in the understanding between the contracting parties themselves, and not in the religious ceremonial or priestly benediction which attended the union. Hence the clandestine marriages which the ecclesiastical law came to denounce and punish, found, in some sort, their excuse in the Church's own admission respecting the nature of matrimony.*

But a marriage such as those to which we have referred, although a contract indissoluble between the parties themselves, and although recognized by the law as valid and binding, did not constitute a full and complete marriage, unless celebrated in the presence, and with the intervention, of a priest in orders.† This priestly intervention, however, even if itself informally practised, seems to have redeemed such marriage from the incompleteness which otherwise characterized it, and to have bestowed upon it the essentials, although not the privileges, of marriage performed *in facie ecclesie*.‡ The Fleet weddings, then, which were (for the most part) celebrated by ordained priests, but in an irregular manner, appear to have occupied a kind of middle position between marriages performed according to the full injunctions of the law on the one hand, and those contracted without *any* ministerial intervention on the other. They lacked the ecclesiastical sanction and privilege awarded to the former; but they possessed a completeness which was wanting to the latter. They were punishable by the law as to the manner of their celebration, for some of those who performed them underwent legal penalties; but they were nevertheless complete in law, as is witnessed by their invariable recognition as complete marriages in the numerous bigamy cases to which they gave rise.

But let us now inquire into the circumstances which were the immediate means of bringing the Fleet into notoriety as a place for the celebration of clandestine marriages. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, such marriages were of frequent occurrence in various London churches. Like the Fleet weddings themselves, and for similar reasons, they were irregular,

punishable, and yet valid. They were not at first performed by persons of bad character. They took place for the most part in buildings which were supposed, for different reasons, to be exempted from the visitation of the bishop as ordinary — the exemption being made an excuse for dispensing with banns or license. In the year 1674, these clandestine and informal marriages in churches had become so numerous that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners issued an order against them. With this order the origin of the Fleet marriages is to be identified. The issue of it was not likely to destroy the existing demand for clandestine matrimony; and it simply had the effect of changing, and that greatly for the worse, the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the required commodity was to be supplied.

In the days of which we are writing, a large number of dissolute clergymen were to be found within and about the Fleet Prison. Some of these were confined in the prison itself; others of them, although also *détenus* for debt, being privileged to reside within the rules of the Fleet. These men discovered in the recent order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the means of their own pecuniary benefit. They at once espoused the cause of candidates for clandestine matrimony, and undertook to meet the popular demand. They began to marry couples on application, without notice and without publicity, the only *sine qua non* being the payment of fees; and the amount of these fees was permitted to vary, according to the pecuniary capacities of the applicants for matrimony, although, as we shall hereafter see, the parsons invariably secured as large a remuneration for their services as possible. These marriages were at first often solemnized in the Fleet Chapel; but the Act 10 Anne, cap. 19, at length put an end to their celebration there, and henceforth they took place (as indeed was not unfrequently the case before) in the various brandy-shops and other places at which the parsons lodged, or still oftener in certain taverns which came to be known as regular marriage-houses, the landlords whereof derived their profits from matrimony just as as they did from malt liquors. In many cases rooms were specially fitted up for the performance of the ceremony, and these apartments were often dignified with the title of "chapel" — the name of a saint being sometimes prefixed to the word chapel in the ordinary manner. As soon as the Fleet became associated in

* See *Stephens's Clergy Law*, vol. i. p. 672.

Also *Letter to the Lord Brougham and Vaux on the Opinions of the Judges in the Irish Marriage Cases*, by Sir JOHN STODDART, Knt. LL.D., 1844.

† Opinions of the Judges in the case of *Queen v. Mills*, *Stephens's Clergy Law*, vol. i.

‡ *Roper's Husband and Wife*, vol. ii. pp. 440-50.

the public mind with clandestine marriage, it was voluntarily resorted to by many abandoned clergymen.

It should not, then, be supposed that any privilege, attached or even pretended to be attached to the neighbourhood of the Fleet, was the basis of the irregular matrimonial practices which had sprung up there. It is, indeed, far from true that all the so-called Fleet marriages took place in that locality. On the contrary, we find from the registers that many of the parsons travelled all over London to perform weddings; and it was not an unusual circumstance for them to be summoned into different parts of the country also, to exercise their functions as the priests of Hymen there. The solution of the question as to how the Fleet came specially to be connected with clandestine marriage, is to be found simply in the circumstance that at the period when secret matrimony was driven from its ancient strongholds, the Fleet and its purlieus happened to contain just such men as were best suited for carrying on the persecuted trade: men, that is to say, whose pockets were empty, and whose reputation was destroyed, and who had consequently nothing further to lose through pecuniary penalties, or by the antagonism of respectable society.

The marriages in the Fleet continued to increase year by year. From the 19th October, 1704, to the 12th February, 1705, no less than 2,954 weddings had been celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. The maximum of the marriages was probably attained in the year preceding that in which Lord Hardwicke's Act came into force, viz. in 1753-4. It was in 1712 that the Fleet Chapel became unavailable for the practices of the Fleet parsons; and from about this date, we apprehend, the grosser features of their trade began to manifest themselves.

A traffic was now carried on, the shamelessness of which is almost incredible. The taverns and other houses where matrimony had at first taken place, doubtless with some sort of privacy, became known and spoken of as regular marriage-shops. They displayed, suspended from their walls, the huge and elaborate signboards of the day, explaining the nature of the accommodation offered within. But information more precise than the clasped hands, tied knots, and other symbolical devices of these signboards was provided. Notices were put up over the doors offering immediate marriage in the plainest terms, and stating the cheapness with which the ceremony might be se-

cured. Touters, such as those which now haunt the entrances of cheap photograph-shops, lounged about the marriage-houses, suggesting the "parson" to passers-by, and fluently urging the facility with which the reverend gentleman's services might be secured. The better to ensure the zeal of these touters, they were generally allowed to participate in whatever gains they were instrumental in bringing to their employers. Thus stimulated, they occasionally carried their zeal to such an extreme as to attempt to drag people to matrimony, and to overcome reluctance by purely physical means. Respectable church-goers, passing Ludgate Hill to service, were not secure from the molestations of these men, who pursued their calling with as much vigour on Sundays as on other days. Sometimes the parsons themselves plied for customers on their own account; and it is said that the more degraded of them would offer to perform the marriage service on terms as low as a pipeful of tobacco or a dram of spirits. That the reverend gentlemen not unfrequently thus advertised themselves in person is intimated in *Peregrine Pickle*, at that point when the faithful *Pipes* gives battle to the turnkey on being expelled from the Fleet Prison. We will quote the passage to which we refer, for it gives, no doubt, a just notion of the social status of the Fleet parsons.

"A ring of butchers," says the tale, "was immediately formed; a couple of the reverend flamens who, in morning gowns, ply for marriages in that quarter of the town, constituted themselves seconds and umpires of the approaching contest, and the battle began. . . . Pipes was congratulated upon his victory, not only by his friend Hatchway, but also by the bye-standers, particularly the priest who had espoused his cause, and who now invited the strangers to his lodgings in a neighbouring ale-house, where they were entertained so much to their liking, that they determined to seek no other habitation while they should continue in town."

The bulk of the applicants for matrimony at the Fleet were doubtless of the lower orders. Labourers from the country, mechanics and small tradespeople of every description, constituted a large proportion of the parsons' patrons. Sailors too were amongst their most steady supporters; and when the ships of the Royal Navy came into port, there was often a vast rush of seamen to the Fleet. Jack is notorious for the breadth of his views on the subject of matrimony; and very likely in making

up his mind to be united at the Fleet to the Polly of the hour, he argued with himself respecting the parson who should perform the ceremony somewhat as Touchstone did of Sir Oliver Martext:—"I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife." In the present day sailors exhibit a strong preference for being married without any religious service at all: they are now found to apply for matrimony at the register offices* more frequently than almost any other class of the community. But other grades of society besides those already mentioned sometimes had recourse to the Fleet for clandestine marriage. In turning the pages of the registers, we find that not a few of the persons married are described as gentlemen and gentlewomen; and at the period of which we are writing, these terms, we suppose, were more significant than at present. From particulars occasionally inserted in the entries of marriages, moreover, we learn definitely that country gentlemen, lawyers from the Temple, officers in the army, and sometimes people of rank and title, were amongst those who sought the services of the Fleet parson. While, therefore, our ideas of the marriages in general may justly lead us amongst the lower classes, it must not be forgotten that the upper ten thousand occasionally patronised our naughty parsons, and that the dreary purlieus of the Fleet were now and then lighted up by erratic flashes of quality and fashion.

So far we have spoken of *bonâ fide* weddings only. But the reader must learn that the lust after fees on the part of the Fleet parsons often led them to promote and perform marriages which were no marriages at all, but mere fictitious semblances of them. Young gentlemen, for instance, were sometimes made half intoxicated, and then entrapped into union with characters of the most degraded description. And these women, it is almost needless to say, quickly broke the bonds thus iniquitously tied, and contracted fresh marriages with new victims. The priests also readily lent themselves to the petitions of unfortunate girls, who were desirous of procuring, for the satisfaction of their friends, certificates to the effect that they had been married. In these cases a man was hired to personate

a husband; the mockery of a marriage service was gone through, an entry was made in the register, and a certificate issued. There is an instance on record of a young fruitseller from the Fleet Bridge being seized upon to counterfeit a husband under such circumstances. The youth was paid ten shillings for the job. We learn from the registers too that feigned marriages sometimes took place with the object above alluded to, between *two women*—the parson being aware of, or at any rate strongly suspecting, the disguise of the one who personated the man. Considering the daring dishonesties of some of the reverend gentlemen, there is every reason for believing that they not unfrequently made entries in their books, and issued certified extracts, even where no pretence of a marriage-service had been gone through at all: and, indeed, this practice was less iniquitous as well as less troublesome than that of getting up a fictitious wedding in order to register it.

It is not difficult to form some idea of the kind of scene enacted at the generality of Fleet weddings. Having chosen the tavern or marriage-house at which they would be united—not an easy choice to make, we imagine, taking into consideration the counter representations of rival touters—the couple would be shown, with their friends, into that chamber of the establishment allotted to matrimony—a room doubtless redolent with the perfumes of spirits and tobacco. Any misgivings which might arise in the minds of the candidates for marriage as to the validity of the solemnities about to take place, were dispelled by the appearance of the parson, whose manner was important and dignified, and who had attired himself in thoroughly orthodox (although somewhat dirty) canonicals. What did it matter that the reverend priest's nose was somewhat red, and that the hand in which he held his book was suggestively tremulous? He was in orders; he had been at Oxford; and—he read, at least, as one having authority.

Meanwhile the spirits of all concerned had been duly supported with liquor, which it was of course the landlord's interest to circulate as freely as possible. Supposing the pecuniosity of the bridegroom to be sufficiently obvious, the service proceeded without any allusion on the part of the reverend priest to the question of fees. If, however, the solvency of the husband elect were open to doubt, we may be sure that the parson, before completing the ceremony, came to a definite understanding

* Registrar-General's Annual Report for 1864, p. viii.

with him as to terms. As we shall hereafter see, the service was often left unfinished because an amount of money sufficient to meet the clerical ideas was not forthcoming.

The service read was of course that of the Church of England — although probably a modified and abbreviated version of it. At the commencement of a pocket-book kept by one of the parsons, we have found portions of the office for matrimony — apparently transcribed for reading from — so rendered as to lead to the conclusion that references to the Deity were, when it was practicable, omitted. For instance, in the passage which accompanies the giving of the ring, the invocation worded in the Prayer-book thus, — "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," — is altered into the phrase, "From this time forth for ever more. Amen;" and the promise given by man and woman to hold together "according to God's holy ordinance" is rendered simply, "according to law." It was only to be expected that the parsons would reduce the directly religious portions of the service to the smallest possible limits. A clerk was generally present at the ceremony to say the *Amens*. He was either a person regularly employed for the purpose by the clergyman, or a pot-boy or some other tavern functionary fetched in for the occasion. Sometimes the proprietor of the marriage-house himself acted in this capacity, and kept the register also. Occasionally a woman was suddenly called upon to officiate as clerk.

The ceremony over, the parson made a note of the marriage in his pocketbook; this entry being subsequently transcribed into a larger and more regular register, which might belong either to the parson himself, or to the marriage-house keeper. In some cases the insertion was made in the pages of the more bulky volume direct. But this insertion, it would seem, never took place at all unless it was specially paid for; it was omitted, too, on those occasions when it was desired that the marriage should be kept entirely secret. If possible, the parson now sold a certificate of the event which had just taken place, to the parties married; and they were, generally speaking, desirous of obtaining such a document. Considerable efforts were made to render the certificates legal and impressive in appearance. In many cases forms were printed upon sheets of vellum, which sheets were each headed with an imposing engraving of the Royal Arms. A form

such as these was now produced and filled in. The fee demanded for the certificate varied, like the marriage-fees themselves, according to circumstances. In pursuance of that simple rule which guided the entire conduct of the Fleet parsons in all pecuniary affairs, the priest took as much for it as he could get. In various entries which we shall presently extract from the registers, mention will be found of the different amounts received on the score of certificates issued.

And now, if he were in a position to afford it, and assuming the marriage to have occurred at a tavern, the bridegroom treated the wedding-party to a repast. The feast was not of a refined description. On account, however, of the large quantity of punch and other drinks consumed at the entertainment, it was a portion of the proceedings in which the landlord took a vivid interest; and we may imagine him always endeavouring to promote the festivities. The parson too, who was generally present at these feasts, doubtless regarded such conviviality as an important item in a wedding programme. And here we must close our description; for the orgies that often followed were of a character such as cannot be described in these pages.

Let us, therefore, turn to our documents themselves, and proceed to extract from them information on such further points in the lives and labours of the parsons as may appear interesting. We shall have to do principally with the pocketbooks — those queer little volumes of matrimonial memoranda to which we have before referred; for in them is to be found much matter eminently characteristic of their owners, matter which has in most cases been excluded from the larger registers. We will quote in the first place a few jottings, which express the ideas of different Fleet parsons on the subjects of their own mode of existence and moral standing.

Doctor Gaynham, one of the most notorious of Fleet notorieties, and who, as Mr. Burn tells us, acquired the unenviable title of "Bishop of Hell," is not at all inclined to own the degradation implied in that designation. Such at least would seem to be the case from his having inserted on the flyleaf of one of his pocketbooks, apparently as applicable to himself, the following high-flown lines: —

The Great Good Man w^m fortune doth displace
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane,
Poor he may be, but never can be mean.

He holds his value with the wise and good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd Temples sacred awe dispense;
They lose their height, but keep their Rever-
ence:

The pious crowd the fallen Pile deplore,
And what they ne'er can raise, they still adore.

We are afraid that the poor "bishop's" life did not in the slightest degree reflect this picture of virtuous misfortune. But perhaps his quotation merely represents the moral ideal to which he aspired, and not the condition to which he pretended to have attained; we will at any rate give him the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Walter Wyatt, another prominent vendor of clandestine matrimony, is quite pathetic in his acknowledgments of evil and his desires after good. "The fear of the Lord," he writes, "is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe. . . . May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can't take place unless you are resolved to starve."

Another parson, who was, we fear, a miserably degraded character, — Mr. John Floud, expresses his private feelings in the following verse: —

I have Liv'd so long I am weary Living,
I wish I was dead and my sins forgiven:
Then I am sure to go to heaven,
Although I liv'd at sixes & sevens.

A portion of poor Mr. Floud's wishes was realized very suddenly. His fatal illness, of a few hours' duration, and his death, are recorded by one of the marriage-house keepers. He was seized while celebrating a wedding. The man who records the decease only mentions it as occasioning him the loss of some marriage-fees which in the ordinary course of things would have fallen to his share.

In a private pocketbook belonging to a fourth parson, the unhappy priest comments upon the course of his existence thus — "A wicked life is a damnable thing." A fifth gentleman takes an entirely different and much more cheerful view of his mode of living, and writes — "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Jubilate. Always the best." Another parson dedicates his pocketbook — false entries and all — to "My God and King."

The principal object of the Fleet clergymen in practising clandestine matrimony having been to make money, we may properly give a prominent place to any evidence

we have as to the amount which they were able to realize. The average sum received by the parsons for a wedding seems to have been about six shillings only; although in individual cases the fee was much higher. The following quotations will exemplify the more liberal class of payments. It will be observed that the amount obtained for a wedding was sometimes divided amongst the different persons concerned in bringing it about — the touter, clerk, tavern-keeper, &c. In some instances the tavern-keepers kept a parson as a portion of their establishment, to whom they paid a fixed weekly salary. We suppose, however, that they more commonly sent for any parson they pleased, upon an application for a wedding being made at their "shop;" and since in many cases one or more parsons lodged on the premises, they would not have far to send. In those comparatively rare instances in which the parson himself was the proprietor of the "chapel," the division of fees of course rested with him; but it generally happened that he was in the hands of a marriage-house keeper, when his share of the gains was determined by that functionary. The entries to which we wish to call the reader's attention are as follows: —

10 Dec: 1728. Wm Salkeld a Marriner, and Mary Jones, both of St Andrews, Holborn. B & Sp. P^r J^{no} Floud. Marr: ten shillings, two and sixpence Clark; one D^r Register, two and sixpence Certificate. They were married at twelve at night.

Sep. 30. 1742. Chambers Bute Gent: of the Parish of Foston in Derbyshire and Ann Trye of Amney in Gloucestershire Sp. N.B. My Landlord Overs Invited me to marry the Couple &c at the Salutation Tavern near G^t Andrew Ch. He had 2 G^s out of 4.

Oct. 3^d 1742. James Higham Marriner of St Margts West. B^r Alice Sergeant do Sp. were married at Lilly's. P^d 17: 6. Marriage. 4^s A; Clk 5: C. 3 Boles of Bunch (*sic*, for bowls of punch.)

1742. October 24. Benjamin & Rose Married at y^e Leg Tavern but would give no other account of themselves. p^d £1. 10^s

Subjoined are two entries showing that when money was not to be had, articles of jewellery, dress, &c., were occasionally accepted in its place, or by way of pledge. We fear we cannot undertake to explain the signs and abbreviations employed. In the first example, however, it is plain that the bridegroom tendered to the parson, in cash, a sum which the reverend gentleman considered insufficient, whereupon a ring was deposited with him by way of security

for a further amount. The second entry r itself.

Nov 11th 1743. John Hudson of St George Mid^x Baker a Widow^r and Cath^e Buckingham of St Giles Cripplegate Spr ———
 ———— Bos: ———— G-n; a Ring pledged for d ———— g: ————

Feb. 2. 1745. James Fraizer of Col^l Sole's Rig^t of Foot Br & Elisabeth Fisher of Stain Sp: Dare O all. P^em. Left a Silver Buckle fory^e Bousom of a Shirt and a Hankerchife for 1s: 3.

It would seem (as we have already intimated) that the parson himself, and not the keeper of the marriage-house, was in the habit of conducting the pecuniary negotiations. We will now give a few extracts from the books of different parsons, illustrative of the interruptions which often occurred in the midst of the marriage-service, and the disputes which were wont to arise between the priests and the applicants for matrimony, on account of the all-important question of fees.

September 14. 1737. A coachman came & was half married & wou'd give but 3^s 6^d & went off.

June 21st 1740. John Jones of Eaton Sutton in Bedfordshire and Mary Steward of the same came to Woods in Fleet Lane about six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Ashwell and self had been down the market Wood called him and I went with him there found the said man and wooman offer'd Mr. Ashwell 3 shilling to marry him he would not so he swore very much and would have knocked him down but for me. was not married. took this memorandum that they might not Pretend afterwards they was married and not Register'd.

The Mr. Ashwell referred to above was a man famous for the number of his marriages. He appears to have kept a clerk in regular employ, who, as it seems, made the foregoing entry, and also the following: —

July (1774) 15. Came a man and wooman to the Green Canister, he was an Irishman and Taylor to bee married. Gave Mr. Ashwell 2: 6. but would have 5^s went away and abused Mr. Ashwell very much, told him he was a Thief and I was worse. Took this account because should not say they was married and not Registered. N.B. The Fellow said Mr. Warren was his relation.

A few more extracts of the same description may be added; —

May 28th 1742. Thomas Tinworth of Lowton in Essex B & Sart: & Jane Palmer ditto

Sp. Half married went away (he had 4^s) to fetch more money. Saide he had a hundred Pound left by his father, his uncle had it in his hands took this account because She should not come and say they were married and not [registered.]

October 17. 1743. Michael Hickey of St Catherines by the Tower Marriner & Br & Elizabeth Hudson—7^s only. N.B. These were half marrie y^e day before.

(1745) June 4. John Greenruff, of Farnham Royall in Bucks Sawyer W. & Martha Brookwell of do W. Ash. d.y. These people was with us in the June Before and the man forced her away Half Done because he would not pay. 4: 8. (Ash).

Before leaving the subject of fees, we may mention that Mr. Walter Wyatt, a person whose pathetic aspirations after a better life we have already noticed, has left certain entries in one of his memorandum books, by means of which we are able to form some idea as to the amount of his weekly profits. Assuming the sums he gives to represent the whole of his receipts, we find that they amounted to about 17l. 16s. per week, or more than 900l. a year. But it should be stated that Wyatt was one of the most prominent and pushing of the Fleet clergymen, and for that reason his receipts would be likely to exceed those of most of his confraternity.

The parsons certainly cannot be charged with want of zeal and diligence in the performance of their priestly functions. They appear to have been accessible at all hours of the day and night. An entry describing a marriage which took place at midnight has already been quoted, and another in which the parson was stated to be in requisition at six o'clock in the morning. Two of the following extracts relate to weddings celebrated at even more unseasonable hours: —

Thomas Delves, Nobleman's Ser^t White Hart Court of West: & Betty Rushworth Do B & Sp. The Cock. Married at 3 o'clock in the Morning. Behav'd Rudely.

"Christm^s. Day at night Late about the Hour of 12 came to Mr. Alders 1739 John Newbury Gent and Maria Diens and a 3rd Person. Gave — (the sum here indicated is not intelligible) — behav'd Rudely told me that my Gown ought to be stript of my Back.

Sep. 1. — John Bell of the Pa of Walthamstow — and Ba: & Sarah Smith of Shadwell St Pauls wid. Mrs. Horskins's 4 clock morn. Jn^o Floud.

We will now call the reader's attention to the practice of antedating the registers — a practice to which many of the Fleet parsons and marriage-house keepers were al-

ways ready to lend themselves. Some of them seem to have demurred when requested to do this; but others evidently did it as a matter of course whenever they were paid for the extra trouble. The famous Mr. Floud was amongst those who appear never to have made any objection. The following entry will afford an example of the practice:—

Novemb^r 5. 1742 was married Benjamin Richards of the Parish of St Martin in the Fields Br and Judith Lance do Sp. at the Bull & Garter & gave g& for an antidate (*sic*) to March ye 11th in the same year which Lilly comply'd wth and put em in his book accordingly there being a vacancy in the Book sutable to the time.

The marriage described took place under the auspices of Mr. Ashwell before referred to. "Lilly," who is alluded to in the entry, was a prominent character in connection with the Fleet marriages. He kept the Hand and Pen tavern near Fleet Bridge—a notorious marriage-house, at which more weddings seems to have been celebrated than at any other. One of Lilly's handbills is quoted by Mr. Burn. It runs thus:—

J. Lilly at ye Hand and Pen, next door to the china shop, Fleet Bridge, London, will be perform'd the solemnization of marriages by a gentleman regularly bred att one of our universities, and lawfully ordain'd according to the institutions of the Church of England, and is ready to wait on any person in town or country.

Lilly was evidently an exceedingly sharp man of business, and even our astute parsons themselves had some difficulty in keeping pace with him. They often allude to his rogueries in his private memoranda. Mr. Walter Wyatt, for instance, makes the following note respecting him:—"These are to certify that J. L. is a rouge (*sic*)." No doubt Mr. Lilly entertained a precisely similar opinion of Mr. Wyatt and he might justly do so.

But to proceed with our instances of ante-dating:—

1729. June.—George Mattocks of Giles Cripplegate Br and Catherine Smith of St George Southwark wid^w. N.B. George had liv'd some years Prior to the Marriage, & had several children, & had things done by Jos. accordingly.

That is, "Jos" (Joshua Lilly) dated the marriage entry "some years" back.

1729. June 10. John Nelson of ye Pa of St Georges Hanover Batchelor & Gardner & Mary Barns of the same Sp. married. J^{no} Floud Min. Cer: Dated 5 November 1727 to please their Parents—at Wheelers. J. F. Mint.

In this case the marriage was either not entered in the larger register at all, or if an entry was made, the date inserted must have been forged so as to correspond with that of the certificate issued. The following extract will additionally exemplify the entire willingness of the parsons to accommodate their customers in the matter of dates:—

1729 June } W^m Knight of the Parish of
25 }
Hampstead Gardner and Batchelor & Joanna Woodward of ye Pa of Wildson Spinister pr J^{no} Floud. The said W^m Knight on the other side—(the latter part of the entry is on a second leaf)—[had?] his Certificate Dated 24th Blank Left unfill'd up for the month and year none to search but himself.

We understand by this that Mr. William Knight could not upon the spur of the moment so accurately calculate the exigencies of his private position as to be able at once to state the period to which he wished his marriage ascribed. He accordingly took away his certificate unfinished, in order that he might put two and two together at leisure, and then fill in such a date as would suit his circumstances.

The clearly-proved unscrupulous misdating of the registers by the parsons, the strong probability that many of the entries which they made were entire fabrications, and the total absence of signatures, either of the parties married or of the witnesses who might have been present at the weddings, have constituted the main reason for the rejection of Fleet registers as evidence, to which we have already adverted. It will at once be perceived that such irregularities fully justified such a rejection; and the reader will not wonder that the commissioners of 1837, having fully examined the records, objected to their being placed upon a footing different from that on which they had previously stood. We may state that in some pedigree cases the registers have, under a kind of protest, been received by certain judges as *declarations*, and as collateral evidence they have not been regarded as without value. But at all times they have been held to be extremely doubtful, and any opinion in their favour has been enunciated with the greatest caution.

It is not to be wondered at that many persons married at the Fleet, in a short time

became anxious to free themselves from the bonds which they had incurred. Under these circumstances they seem to have held that all they had to do to ensure entire liberty was to procure an erasure of their names from the register books. Applications with this object were therefore often made to the parsons, who, upon the usual condition, were found willing to entertain them. From some memoranda we learn that moneys were occasionally paid for the promise of erasures, and that the erasures were never made. An entry illustrative of this species of fraud, will be found amongst our subsequent extracts.

We have selected for quotation from the pocket-books the following notes, which will be entertaining in various ways. It will be seen that the persons frequently comment upon the "vile behaviour" of the persons married. One would imagine that the "behaviour" must have been very "vile" indeed to call forth the observations of a Fleet clergyman; there is abundant evidence, indeed, that it was so. On some occasions the bridegrooms and their friends exhibited the most outrageous violence, with the object of intimidating the parsons into marrying them cheaply; and it happened not unfrequently that the reverend gentlemen were glad to hurry the marriage ceremony to a conclusion on almost any terms, that they might escape from the ruffianly gang which composed the bridal party.

John and Elizabeth August 30th 1737. at Mr Sandy's the Fleet. He said he belonged to the sea and had his own hair.

Decembr 12th 1739. About ye Hour of 10 in ye Evening there came 2 men and One woman to Mr Burnfords The man y^e was married appear'd by Dress as a Gentleman of fortune and ye woman y^e was married like a Lady of Quality, ye Man y^e came with em seemed to me to be a Tayler who s^d he knew Mr B—d very well & me likewise. The Gentlman would not pay but in a mean and scandalous manner, he offer'd d. & and went Down stairs and Down ye Court came back Again & p^d g. in all and went away without telling of their names. N.B. He s^d he had 2 X^a Names viz: John Skinner & ye Gentlewoman s^d her name was Elizabeth. N.B. Ye Gentlewoman when married had on a flour'd Silk Round Gown & after she was married she pulls of her flow'r'd Gown & underneath She had a Large full Black Silk gown on & went away in ye same. Ye other was wrapt up. B—d Absent.

1741. May y^e 12th 1741. A certain man with a spott in one eye a Sinament coat And a young woman wth a Pritty Genteel face & Appearance came to Mrs. Crooks and were Married she had on a Linnen Gown the Man s^d his

name was Edward But would not tell who he was only y^t he came from Spitalfield. The young woman s^d her Name was Ann More of ye same Parish.

8 Oct: 1741. Robt — Mary at New-market married. Pool'd of his coat because it was Black, said he would not be married in that coat for y^t Reason p^d 2^s 6.

1742-3 Jan'y 16. John Whitham of Hutton it Essex Husb. Br & Mary Westaby Do. Sp. N.B. Vile Behav'd the fellow would not say with this ring I thee wed &c. Parish affair. Bull Garter.

The "Bull and Garter" was a noted tavern in the Fleet. The signs of some other taverns often alluded to in the registers were "The Two Fighting Cocks and Walnut Tree," "The Green Canister," "The Noah's Ark," "Jock's Last Shift," "The Shepherd and Goat," "The Leg," &c.

1742 Novmbr 21 Richard Akerman Turner of Christ Church Batr & Lydia Collit at Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They Beav'd very Vilely, & attempted to run away wth Mrs Crooks gold ring.

Mrs. Crook was the proprietor of the marriage-house, and lent her ring, it seems, for the purposes of the marriage ceremony.

8th Novbr. 1745. Timothy Floyd. Elis Love as under. She a most vile wicked abusive wooman, No: 274. Ash K & all to pay 3^s: 6. Clerk and Regist^r: 4: 8 part copy.

The subjoined extract shows that the Fleet marriages were not always contracted by young and impulsive persons. The wedding recorded took place at Mr. Lilly's "Hand and Pen," and was solemnized by Mr. Ashwell whom we have before mentioned.

1746. Jan. 9. Jn^o Serv^t of St Marylebone w^r & Ann Page w^w He 82 years she 77 both fresh and in perfect senses. Ash.

It may be well in this place to remind the reader that the Fleet parsons, although the majority of them were regularly ordained clergymen, had yet their counterfeits and personators who were no clergymen at all. If we were left to judge of the matter from the references to it in the journals of the day alone, we should almost come to the conclusion that these impostors were as numerous as the actual priests — if not more so; for the journalists constantly mention the Fleet parson as a mock parson altogether. But other evidence leads us to a different conclusion. There is, however, no doubt

that cases did sometimes arise where the garb and office of the clergyman were assumed, and his fees claimed, by individuals who were anything but clergy. But it will not be necessary for us to deal with those exceptional instances; the documents before us, moreover, do not supply us with any special evidence on the subject, there being every reason to believe that the parsons whose names appear in their pages were in all cases actually clergymen.

Our quotations, as the reader will remember, have hitherto been taken from the *pocket-books* of the Fleet parsons, and from those only. We shall now call attention to one of the larger registers, since, unlike most of its class, it contains matter of considerable interest. In order that this remarkable volume may be understood, it should be borne in mind that it is not, like those which we have hitherto been dealing with, a book of a private and personal description, but, on the contrary, one intended for public inspection — a record, in fact, drawn up for the express purpose of being searched by any persons who might be ready to pay a fee for the examination of its contents. The register was evidently the property of a marriage-house proprietor. It dates from July, 1727, to the 25th of March, 1754 — the day before Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which finally extinguished clandestine matrimony in England, came into operation. The registrar, having found it convenient to insert in the entries various memoranda respecting fees, &c., which he did not wish to be made public, has written these memoranda partially in Greek characters. This very imperfect precaution was, we suppose, sufficient for its immediate purpose; the great majority of those who were likely to search the volume being probably such as would not know the Greek alphabet. We will quote a few of such entries as may be transcribed without offence, and which will at the same time serve to exemplify some of the customs of the Fleet marriage-trade; but it is not easy to make our selection, since much that is coarse and scandalous is only too faithfully reported in these Greek letters. We shall not attempt to classify our quotations, but shall leave the reader to gather from them as he pleases either corroborations of assertions heretofore made in this article, or information on matters which may be wholly new to him. In the four cases where we insert the Greek characters, our extracts have been transcribed — as indeed have all our foregoing quotations — *literatim* from the originals.

January 1728.

13th

μαρρ: τηρησιλλινγς
δ' ονη & χηρτίζη. Τη
βριδηροου ως τη βρο-
τηρη of τη μημοραβλη
Jonathan Wild Εχηχ-
τηδ at Τυβουρν.

Andrew Wild a
Whitesmith of St Sep-
ulchres and Mary Har-
old of do. W^r & W^w
per Jn^o Floud.

March 1728.

8th

Νοθηγυ βυτ a νοτη
of havd for this μαρ-
ριαγη whixh νηνηρ was
φαιδ.

William Corps of
St James's Clerken-
wall Coachmaker &
Elizabeth Scott of the
Temple Br & W^w per
Jno Floud.

August 1728.

27th

μαρρίαγη τηρητην
σιλλινγς δ' ονη & εϊχ-
φηνχη χηρτίζατη τη
ισομαν νοτ χαρίνυ το βη
μαρριδ εν τη φληητ I
had τημη μαρριδ at μρ
βρουινς at μρ Ηαριςονς
εν φειδγηνοη (sic) χουρι
εν τηη Ολδ Βαλση αι
φουρ a χλοχχ εν τηη
μορνινγ.

Christopher Owen,
a Smith of St Martins
in the Fields & Susan-
nah Dains of St Giles's
in the fields B & Sp.
pr Jno Floud.

August 1729.

12th

φδ σινη σιλλινγς φηρ
τοταλ. N.B. Τη 28th
of Αφριλ 1736 μρς βηλλ
χαμη ανδ Εαρνηστλγ εν-
τρηατηδ μη το Εραση
Τηη μαρρίαγη ουτ of τη
βουχ for that ηηρ ηω-
βανδ had βηατ ανδ α-
βυερδ ηηρ εν a βαρβαρ-
ους μαννηρ *** I μαδη
ηηρ βηλεινη I διδ σο,
for whixh I had half a
γνινηα ανδ σηη at τηη
σαμη τιμη δηλινρηδ μη
υφ ηηρ χηρτίζατη Νο
φηρεον φρητην (Αχ-
χορδινγ to ηηρ δησιτη)

Abraham Wells, a
Butcher of the psh of
Tottenham in Mdex &
Susannah Hewitt of
Enfield W^r & W^w
pr Jno Floud.

The remainder of our quotations from the book under our notice shall be given in English type; but it will be remembered that these entries are inserted in the register in a manner precisely similar to the foregoing. With respect to the marriage (or pretended marriage), dated 13th May, 1734, it will be

observed that the case was one of those we have previously mentioned, in which a man was hired to act the part of bridegroom. It is scarcely necessary to state that on issuing extracts from the book which we are considering, the registrar would ignore the first column altogether.

May 1730.

28th
Married at the
Globe Tavern Hutton
Garden myself had five
shillings as clerk &
gave a certificate on
stamped paper (Hand-
somely Entertained)

William Tew, Gent.
& Katherine Skeere,
both of St Buttolphs
Bishopsgate B. & Sp.
pr Robert Cuthbert.

April 1734.

29th
Mar : ten shillings
& sixpence Clark two
& sixpence. Certif :
two d^s Spent ten shil-
lings in Punch.

Joseph Harrison, a
Groom Ann Bolt, both
of St Mary Cray in
Kent B^r & Sp.
pr J. Gaynam.

May 1734.

13th
Mr. Comings gave
me half a guinea to
find a bridegroom and
defray all expenses.
Parson two and six-
pence Husband d^s &
five & sixpence myself.

Samuel Stewart ; a
chocolate maker and
Mary Nugent ; both of
St M Ludgate B & Sp
pr Ralph Shadwell.

August 1735.

31.
Total Thre & six
pence but Honest Wig-
more * kept all the
money so farewell him.

Mathew Medcalf, a
weaver and Ann Hub-
bard both of White-
chappell B & W^w
D. Wigmore.

Enough has now been said and quoted to give a fair general notion of the matrimonial proceedings in the Fleet. A good deal, however, remains untold which cannot be recounted in these pages, and which would certainly not modify the opinion that the reader has probably formed as to the iniquity and degradation of the parsons.

*Wigmore was the officiating parson. The note signifies the marriage-house keeper's determination to employ him no longer.

It may appear strange to some that the legislature should have permitted the Fleet scandals to remain undisturbed for the long period of three-quarters of a century. But the fact is that enactments designed to remedy the evil were from time to time passed, which, however, all failed of their object, since, although they punished clandestine matrimony, they did not render such matrimony *invalid*. The penalties which they imposed were evaded by various clever manœuvres, and the mischief which they were intended to allay remained practically unchecked. Thus "the very vitals of the salutary laws which render property and person safe, continued to be brought into danger by the knavish tricks that debauchees and fortune-hunters were enabled to practise through the Fleet clergy;" and it was not until Lord Chancellor Hardwicke brought forward his famous bill that the evil was effectually destroyed. That measure provided that any person solemnizing matrimony otherwise than in a church or public chapel, and without banns or licence, should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; it also provided that all such marriages should be *null and void*. Like all measures, however useful and salutary, which have the appearance of interfering with an established right, this bill met with the strongest opposition. Eventually, however, it passed into law, and began to operate on the 26th March, 1754. The crowd of applicants for marriage at the Fleet must have been enormous, for in one register-book alone 217 weddings are recorded as having been celebrated on that day.

The existence of the Fleet scandals during the three-quarters of a century which we have been reviewing is as strong a proof as can be adduced of the degraded condition of the English Church at that period: and indeed there is too much reason for believing that the Fleet parsons were little worse, although they might be less fortunate, than the majority of their beneficed brethren. Of course we may congratulate ourselves in these days, not only that our Marriage Laws have been so broadened and improved as to leave no reasonable excuse for or indeed possibility of clandestine matrimony; but also that probably not half-a-dozen priests holding orders in our Church could now be found who would lend themselves to irregularities such as those we have been considering, however great the facility, or the pecuniary inducement.

From the Examiner.

The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adam Lee. Two vols. Low, Son, and Marston.

THIS book was planned some time ago in America and designed for English readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Leigh Hunt was to employ his knowledge of Italian and English poetry, his literary taste, and his keen relish for this form of composition in a preliminary Essay on the Cultivation, History, and Varieties of the Sonnet, and was to select the Sonnets representative of English genius. Mr. Samuel Adams Lee was to add a descriptive Essay upon American Sonnets and Sonnet-teers, and provide a collection of the Sonnets which best illustrate the genius of America. Leigh Hunt's part of the work was finished, we believe, a year or two before his death, but it was only in his last days that he found the work, which he had relished greatly and with which, for his own part, he had taken a good deal of pains, was not abandoned, but suspended in consequence of the ill health of his colleague. And after all, it is only now, in 1867, that the book appears, simultaneously published both in England and America. It contains first, in nearly a hundred pages, Leigh Hunt's Essay on the Sonnet now first published. Then comes in forty or fifty pages Mr. Lee's account of the American Sonnet writer. Then follow the two collections of English and American Sonnets, from Wyatt and Surrey downward, with occasional notes. This main part of the book occupies the second half of the first volume, and the whole of the second.

The days are changed since Dryden said of René Rapin that if all else were lost, yet in his works the critical art of writing could be recovered, since René Rapin declared Aristotle (who never heard of a sonnet) to be "the only source whence good sense is to be drawn when one goes about to write," and our critical Rymer, who could find no sense in Shakespeare's soliloquies, translated 'Monsieur Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie, containing the Necessary, Rational, and Universal Rules for Epick, Dramatick, and the other sorts of Poetry.' The "other sorts" fared ill when they had no classical precedent. Rymer, in prefacing his translation of Monsieur Rapin looked back with a lofty condescension on the age of Petrarch and Chaucer. For, said he "the most polite wit of Europe was not in that age sufficient

for a great design. That was the age of tales, ballads, and roundelays." Rymer would not have slept for horror if he could have seen the reaction to come when Scott, following a good lead, should hark back on the old tales and ballads of the days when wit was not polite enough for critics with brains under the cloud of a French peruke, when the roundelays were to come in again, and Wordsworth would recover all its ancient honours for the sonnet.

Mr. Leigh Hunt makes no mention of Peter de Vineia to whom at the Sicilian Court of Frederic II., the credit is due of having written the first sonnet upon record. He sets out with the "Friar Guitone of Arezzo" as the first who gave to the sonnet its right workman-like treatment and versification. Guitone was not a Friar, but was 'Fra Guitone' as one of the half religious military order of the 'Cavalieri Gaudenti.' The previous origin of the Sonnet in Provence he states generally, and derives its name, like that of the piece of music called a sonata, from its being *sounded* or played. The sonnet at first always had a musical accompaniment, and still it is a piece of music as well as poetry. Mr. Capel Loft imagined recondite analogies between its fourteen lines and the gamut; and of the two parts of the legitimate sonnet,—the major, with its two quatrains, and the minor, with its two tercettes,—a scholarly critic, Quadrio, in the middle of the last century, argued from his different point of view, "that the business of the first quatrain of the sonnet is to state the proposition of it; of the second quatrain, to prove the proposition; of the first tercette, to confirm it, and of the second tercette, to draw the conclusion." The faultless sonnet that "vaut seul un long poëme" must, said the refined critic who has left us this essay:

In the first place be a Legitimate Sonnet after the proper Italian fashion; that is to say, with but two rhymes to the octave, and not more than three in the sestet.

Secondly, it must confine itself to one leading idea, thought, or feeling.

Thirdly, it must treat this one leading idea, thought or feeling in such a manner as to leave in the reader's mind no sense of irrelevancy or insufficiency.

Fourthly, it must not have a speck of obscurity.

Fifthly, it must not have a forced rhyme.

Sixthly, it must not have a superfluous word.

Seventhly, it must not have a word too little; that is to say, an omission of a word or words, for the sake of convenience.

Eighthly, it must not have a word out of its place.

Ninthly, it must have no very long word, or any other that tends to lessen the number of accents, and so weaken the verse.

Tenthly, its rhymes must be properly varied and contrasted, and not beat upon the same vowel, — a fault too common with very good sonnets. It must not say, for instance, *rhyme, tide, abide, crime*; or *play, gain, refrain, way*; but contrast *i* with *o*, or with some other strongly opposed vowel, and treat every vowel on the same principle.

Eleventhly, its music, throughout, must be as varied as it is suitable; more or less strong, or sweet, according to the subject; but never weak or monotonous, unless monotony itself be the effect intended.

Twelfthly, it must increase, or, at all events, not decline, in interest, to its close.

Lastly, the close must be equally impressive and unaffected; not epigrammatic, unless where the subject warrants it, or where point of that kind is desirable; but simple, conclusive, and satisfactory; strength being paramount, where such elevation is natural, otherwise on a level with the serenity; flowing in calmness, or grand in the manifestation of power withheld.

From Guittone d' Arezzo, Cino da Pistoia, Guido Cavalcante, Guido Guinicelli, chief among these and praised above them all of Dante, poets whom Leigh Hunt in this Essay does little more than name, we are carried on to Dante and Petrarch. Dante is placed rightly above Petrarch as a sonnet writer; he had, says Leigh Hunt, the advantage "of grace over elegance; that is to say, of the inner spirit of the beautiful over the outer." We can hardly agree that Dante had also the advantage "of unstudied over studied effect." Indeed the Essayist himself quotes from the 'Vita Nuova' enough of Dante's hints of technicality in sonnet-making to show by how much study his genius was strengthened. In what is said of Petrarch's variations on the theme of love, Giusto's 'La Bella Mano,' we find even Leigh Hunt sharing the general confusion between these exercises of ingenuity in variations upon what was held to be the only noble theme of song, and that actual love which was distinctly recognized as a quite different matter. Marriage barred love. This doctrine of the old French courts of love, maintained formally by ladies of the highest rank and character, was based upon a womanly sense of delicacy, not on profligacy. It was a condition of all this caroling upon Pegasus that it meant only display of skill; and that the lady whose colours were worn by the sonneteer was never to be confounded with a mistress whom he was prosecuting seriously with a public courtship. Women are wo-

men in all ages, and in no age would a woman endure to be seriously courted before all the world, and through a speaking trumpet.

Dante never addressed one sonnet to his wife. Petrarch never addressed one to the mother of his son. The fact seems really to stare one in the face, throughout this early literature, that the variations on the one appointed theme, through which men actually competed for doctorates in the Gay Science, were strictly and carefully separated from the realities of love and marriage. The playful complimenting might no doubt bring about relations that would end in marriage; but when that came to pass, the public singing ceased, or was transferred to another object. It was pleaded before Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife first to Louis VII. of France, and afterwards to our Henry the Second, that a certain lady having promised to take Sieur A for her knight if the Sieur B ever vacated the post, had married the Sieur B; whereby she had made the post vacant and the Sieur A was entitled to the fulfilment of her promise. The right of the Sieur A was thereupon affirmed by the first lady in France. What could this mean but the determination of the women to maintain as a principle that the compliments of the rhymers were mere exercises of wit, that their extravagant phrases meant no more than we now mean by those protestations of obedience and humility with which we to this day end letters to men for whom we care nothing and whom we have no thought of obeying. Empty eighteenth century sentimentalism abounds in nonsensical misreadings of the old conventional strings of sonnets upon love in all positions; and everybody who wrote such a chain was supposed to have been actually elated, dejected, accepted, refused, and generally beside himself in fifty ways, for some lady whose name he associated with his verse because he wished to compliment but did not wish to marry her, and nobody in his own time would for a moment suppose that he did; or if anybody did suppose it, the fact that he wrote public sonnets to her would confute the notion. The Essayist, then glancing lightly at the sonnets of Lorenzo de Medici, Boiardo, Ariosto, and saying more of Giovanni della Casa and Angelo di Costanzo and others, speaks of Tasso. He calls Marini the "celebrated corruptor of Italian poetry," which he did not corrupt, but which he best exemplified in the age of far-fetched conceit to which he was born. Marini was no more the originator of what was called the 'stile Marinesco' than Lyly

of what was called Euphuism. They were but men reflecting in their styles the fashion of their time.

It was twelve years after the death of Marini that Milton visited Manso in Italy. Leigh Hunt then speaks of Redi and others, before turning to the discussion of some absolute forms of the sonnet, and especially the comic sonnet. Of this he gives two specimens, so happily translated that we quote the passage which includes them. Like all the Essay and all the book it is charming, criticize it as we may. Of one of these sonnets

The author was a wit of the noble family of the Pazzi. Varchi, the Florentine critic and historian, who was the subject of it, and who was himself a distinguished writer of sonnets, must have felt inclined to apply to it the epithet which Falstaff gives to the iteration of his bantering Prince Hal. Varchi had used a freedom in criticizing Petrarca's famous Canzoni on the eyes of Laura which gave offence to the poet's admirers; at least so I gather from the story, for I have not seen the criticism. Pazzi took up their cause, and sung the critic's name in his ears after the following provoking fashion:

Le Canzoni degli Occhi ha letto il Varchi,
Ed ha cavato al buon Petrarca gli occhi;
E questo lo vedrebbe nn uom senz' occhi;
Cosa, per certo, non degna del Varchi.
Teneva ogni uomo per fermo, che il Varchi
Fosse de la Toscana lingua gli occhi,
E ch' ei sapesse ogni cosa a chinsi occhi,
Tal che ingannato ognun resta del Varchi.
E come già ognun bramava il Varchi,
E non pareva se ne saziassero gli occhi,
E ogni lingua dicea, Varchi, Varchi;
Così ora non è chi volga gli occhi
In quella parte dove passa il Varchi;
Tal che il Varchi vorria non aver occhi.

The "Eyes" of Petrarch have been read by Varchi,

And Varchi has put out the poor man's eyes,
As any one may see that has no eyes;
A thing, I must say, not becoming Varchi.
People used formerly to think that Varchi
Was of the Tuscan tongue the very eyes;
One that saw all things, though he shut his eyes;
A point on which they were deceived in Varchi:

So now, whereas all used to long for Varchi,
And not a soul could satiate his eyes,
Or cease vociferating Varchi, Varchi,
Nobody thinks it worth troubling his eyes
To give, as he goes by, one glance at Varchi;
So that poor Varchi fain would have no eyes.

Varchi, who was a conscientious critic and a great admirer of Petrarca, was very angry; and Pazzi, who notwithstanding his jest appears

to have been a good-natured man, gave him the "soft answer" which "turneth away wrath."

The *Mute Sonnets*, or comic sonnets rhyming in monosyllables, are mostly without the *coda*; tails though frequent adjuncts, not being necessities to sonnets of a comic nature. It is impossible for English readers to be as much entertained by these mute sonnets as Italians are. The abundance and flowing beauty of dissyllables in the Italian language caused their rhymes in general to be dissyllabic: English rhymes, on the contrary, are for the most part monosyllabic; and hence, by a curious contrariety in their association of ideas, the Englishman thinks he doubles the jest of his verse by doubling the rhyme, while the Italian, to enforce the point of his, reduces his two syllables to one. The terminating dissyllable, to the Englishman, — at least whenever he chooses to think so, — easily acquires a tone of levity and the ludicrous. He respects the short and decided step, the firmness and *no-nonsense* of his monosyllable. To the Italian, on the other hand, the repetitions of it on these occasions jar against all his feelings of gravity. They affect him much as if he saw a man taking a series of unexpected jolting steps down a stair-case, or receiving — or giving — so many equally unlooked for punches in the stomach. It would take a long residence in England or America to enable an Italian to see the jest of the double rhymes in "Hudibras;" and it would take no less time in Italy to qualify the Englishman for a perception of the fun residing in the monosyllables of Berni or Casti. As imagination however may help the reader in either case, especially if he has a turn for the ludicrous, and as I wish to make this Essay as complete in itself as I can, I here give a specimen of the mute sonnet from this scapegrace Casti. A long poem, all in masterly double rhymes, would be thought a great feat in English verse. Casti has written two hundred sonnets on one subject, all in masterly single rhymes, and in a style which his countrymen admire for its idiomatic purity and its classical correctness. It is a pity he had not written all his works in the like unobjectionable vein. The jovial poet pretends — or perhaps the subject was founded on some actual poetical fact not incredible in the annals of a man of his way of life — that he was dunned by an implacable creditor for the sum of three *Giuli*; that is to say, for some fifteen pence or thereabouts. A *Guilio* is a small silver coin of the Popes of that name. — *Julius*. Casti says that he is waylaid by this creditor at every turn; that the debt mingles with all his thoughts, and has made his life miserable; that he sees no way of escaping from it; that the man's death will not deliver him, because he is a married man with children, therefore will leave heirs to the demand, who from their tenderest infancy will be "little creditors," — *creditorcelli*, — all tormenting him for the fifteen pence with hereditary importunity; and so he goes on "piling up the agony" through his two hundred sonnets; which he ends not by paying the debt,

but with bidding his creditor good-night "forever." It is true, he bids farewell to the *Giuli* also, but only as a theme parted with, not as an account settled. To settle the account would have been to destroy its immortality.

Gray, in the course of his 'Long Story,' ingeniously says, "Here five hundred stanzas are lost." A reader of Casti's *Giuli Tre* may wonder that he did not close his book with a sonnet of the species before mentioned, called the sonnet with a tail. It is one commencing with the usual fourteen lines, but possessing an unbounded privilege of adding to their number; so that the poet might have dismissed his book into space, like a paper-kite, furnished with a tail beyond that of a comet.

Of this tailed species of sonnet, more anon. Here follows the sample of Casti:

Ben cento volte ho replicato a te
Questa istessa infallibil verità,
Che a conto mio da certo tempo in qua
La razza de' quattrini si perde.
Tu, non ostante, vieni intorno a me
Con insoffribile importunità,
E per quei maledetti *Giuli Tre*
Mi perseguiti senza carità.
Forse in disperazion ridur mi vuoi',
Ond' io m' appicchi, e vuoi vedermi in giù
Pender col laccio al collo? Oh questo no.
Risolverommi a non pagarti più,
E in guisa tal te disperar farò,
E vo' piuttosto che ti appicchi tu,

I've said forever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day
Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
With your insufferable importunity,
And for those d—d infernal *Giuli Tre*
Haunt me without remorse or decency.
Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to
say,
You saw me *sus. per coll.* — No, *Giuli*, no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay,
And drive you, *Giuli*, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

After describing more such curiosities, Leigh Hunt turns to the English sonnet, of which these volumes contain so many choice examples. The oldest known sonnet in our language dates no farther back than the reign of Henry VIII. It is a translation from Petrarch by Sir Thomas Wyatt. Leigh Hunt's reasons why Chaucer did not write a sonnet are not good; but how do we know that Chaucer wrote no sonnets? 'The land was all fulfilled with his songs,' said Gower, or Venus through him, defining the fulness as —

Of ditties and of songes glade
The which he for my sake made;

and while Chaucer himself tells us that he produced many 'balades, roundels, virelays,' only a very few of these small pieces of his have come down to us. We may discover a collection of them yet, as the only collection of Gower's Balades was discovered. The songs of Laurence Minot, celebrating national victories — Crecy, for example, must have been popular in their day; yet they reach us, so far as we know, in a single MS. which passed unheeded until Tyrwhitt accidentally discovered its contents.

When he comes to Sidney and Stella, Leigh Hunt thinks it a "curious circumstance in the history of Sonnets that so many of them turn upon illegal attachments." Here is the old confusion again that it will take a generation or two of fresh study in opposition to traditional blundering to get rid of. The Essayist here talks of "remarkable reasons for the conduct" of Dante, Petrarch, Casa, Sidney and others, reasons "with which readers are unacquainted." They addressed their Sonnets to married women and no husband resented, nobody in their own day cried Fie. The reason is, as we have seen, a very simple one; and should declare itself by the mere statement of the case, but is demonstrable on ample evidence. Our understanding of many such things is obscured by the intervention between those times and these of the French critical school which, knowing nothing of past nationality, saw in the past only Aristotle and those who filled their lamps from Aristotle's oil. It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that we have begun to read for ourselves upon all lesser points of this kind. Although as to the judgments on great writers the reversal of French blunders began when Addison taught us that there was something after all in Milton, and Pope surprised the town by considering it worth his while to edit Shakespeare, outside the beaten track of every-day readers a whole jungle of French-born blundering remains yet to be cleared.

From the Saturday Review.

THE BOOK OF THE SONNET.*

AMONG the most precious of ancient things that we are in danger of losing is the fine old-fashioned taste for literature proper and pure. We do not love literature as the

* *The Book of the Sonnet.* Edited by Leigh Hunt and Samuel Adams Lee. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

Queen Anne men loved it, nor as some of the Johnsonian set loved it, nor as it was loved by a little group of men scarcely more than a generation back. We are all turned publicists and thinkers and æsthetic philosophers. There do not seem to be left, nor to be springing up, any men of the antique stamp, with a delicate enjoyment of all sorts of books for their own sake, just as men enjoy good wine for its own sake. We dash at a book to eviscerate it as swiftly as we may, and, having got out of it what nutriment we can, rush off pell-mell somewhere else. Where is the man who takes up his book daintily and caressingly, as he would take up a glass of good liquor, ancient and of a rare vintage, turning over here a page and there a page, enjoying a flash of its colour, and prolonging his delighted sense of its fine aroma and bouquet? The old heroes who lingered and brooded over a book as a bee lingers in the bell of a flower in the sunshine have nearly all gone, and none others step into their places. This perhaps is only one of the thousand signs that we are fast stripping ourselves of a capacity for pleasure, and that the rich gift of quaint and sober gaiety has passed away from us into space and emptiness. We may get compensation in some shape or other. Of course new books are all constructed on the principle of improving our minds, and make us ashamed of having anything to do with the genial old writers who were innocent of any desire either to improve their own minds or those of other people. Let us be careful only not to improve our very souls out of our bodies.

One is reminded of all this by an edition of the *Book of the Sonnet*, with Leigh Hunt's delicious preliminary essay. The genuine aroma of literature abounds in every page, and he writes about the sonnet as an eloquent epicure might talk about truffles with a fine relish and sensibility as of the physical palate. The unctuous zeal with which he goes through the old Italian sonnet writers is quite glorious to behold, for it is a zeal full of refinement and delicacy and nice feeling. His mind shows itself imbued with a rich knowledge of his subject, and this, illumined by the evidence of a thorough and unaffected liking for it, makes him irresistible. And in the midst of graceful criticism he conveys all possible technical information as to the various ways, legitimate and illegitimate, in which the sonnet has been, and may be, constructed. The reader acquires not only an increased sensibility to the music and sentiment of some of the

best sonnets that have ever been written, but he is pleasantly initiated into the mysteries of its composition; the difference between the legitimate Italian sonnet—like "Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son," for instance—where the two quatrains have only two rhymes, and the two tercettes three—and the illegitimate sonnet, such as Shakspeare's, where there is a third quatrain, and a final rhymed couplet. Flippant persons have sneered much and bitterly at the bare idea of the effusive utterance of the poetic heart being forcibly confined within the scanty and inflexible bounds of just fourteen lines, neither more nor less. Let them learn that a sonnet ought to be "a piece of music as well as of poetry; and as every lover of music is sensible of the division even of the smallest air into two parts, the second of which is the consequent or necessary demand of the first, and as these parts consist of phrases and cadences, which have similar sequences and cadences of their own, so the composition called a sonnet, being a long air or melody, becomes naturally divided into two different strains, each of which is subdivided in like manner; and as quatrains constitute the one strain, and tercettes the other, we are to suppose this kind of musical demand the reason why the limitation to fourteen lines became, not a rule without a reason, but an harmonious necessity." After all, there is nothing more absurd, in the nature of things, in having a form of verse which is perfect in a fixed number of syllables, as the heroic couplet, for example. The rhythm, rhyme, and melody are more complex in the first than in the second, and demand a finer ear for the subtle changes, interweavings, recurrences. It is not everybody who has a good enough ear for an Italian sonnet, any more than everybody has a good enough ear for all the interdependent harmonies of a quartet or an ottet or a great orchestral symphony. But anybody who is fortunate enough to have an ear does not need to have the sonnet vindicated. He feels at the close of a sonnet composed with skill and just sentiment, as he might feel at the end of a very perfect melody. The melody has come to its own natural termination. He does not wonder why it was not made longer nor shorter. And so with the sonnet. In the hands of a true composer, like Milton or Wordsworth or Keats or Shakspeare, we never dream of asking why it should stop at the fourteenth line, or how it came to reach the fourteenth line. Let anybody turn to Milton's noble

sonnet on his Blindness, "When I consider
how my light is spent." When the end
comes —

His state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait —

anybody who should be ignorant of what a sonnet is or means, and heard it read, would still, if he had any ear or sensibility, instantly know that this completes the piece. Milton's sonnets are perhaps unsurpassed in this exquisite sense which they give us of musical completeness, whatever faults they may have in other points. Still it is plain enough in Wordsworth's best sonnets also — "Death Conquering and Death Conquered," for instance, or the more familiar sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge. Of course one notices no perfection of melody or anything else in bad sonnets. They might as well be a thousand lines long as fourteen, and they had much better have been seven or two, or none at all.

One of the sonnets in the present collection furnishes an excellent illustration of the too common type of sonnet, where there is true feeling, but where the poet has not been sufficiently inspired with a sense of the *form* or genuine sonnet rhythm. It is from the pen of Anna Seward, and, in spite of its imperfection, deserves a place in the book : —

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light
(Winter's pale dawn) : and as warm fires illume
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing
sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions
white
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the
gloom
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires as-
sume
Rising from their dark pile an added height,
By indistinctness given : then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they un-
fold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than
gold
By whose best use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

Nothing can be more excellent than the picture in the quatrains, but one has an idea that the *sestette* is an artificial appendage, not truly and peculiarly antiphonal to the octave, but what might have been tagged on to nearly anything in the world. What has been called the minor of the sonnet should

be, and in good compositions is, exactly responsive and complementary to the major. If the sonnet is composed by a man of genius, you could no more take off the last six lines, as in this case, and fancy them fitted on to anything else than you could imagine the last strains of "Dove sono," fitted on to the first strains of the Old Hundredth. Take, for a single instance, the ending of a famous sonnet : —

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and
tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

This, by the way, is one of the two of Milton's sonnets of which Johnson graciously thought himself justified in saying that they were not bad; the rest were barely entitled to this slender commendation : — "Milton, Madam, was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones." But then Johnson had no patience with the art which he characterized thus disparagingly. He declared that the fabric of the sonnet was unfitted for the English tongue. And yet he must have read Shakspeare's, some of which are nothing less than divine in their beauty and music. For instance, of these in the present collection, the one which begins

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye;

or that other, so inexhaustibly tender —

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell,
Give notice to the world that I am fled.

Again, there is a sonnet of Spenser's of which Leigh Hunt indeed did not think very highly, and yet which strikes us as exquisite. It is not so well known that we need grudge the space required for its transcription : —

Mark — when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it,
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somer's day,
That when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his
goodly ray;

At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drooping hed,
 So my storm-beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine when cloudy looks are
 cleared.

"The rhyme," Leigh Hunt says, "seems at once less responsive and always interfering; and the music has no longer its major and minor divisions." And this is just. The final couplet seems to impart a flavour of commonplace. Still the picture is amazingly perfect and sweet, and, as Leigh Hunt says, the single line —

Through the broad world doth spread his
 goodly ray —

"has the strength of Spenser's full hand upon it."

There is a strange bit of criticism on Shelley. *Ozymandias* Leigh Hunt feels to be very good, having "the right comprehensiveness of treatment, and perfection of close." Then he almost finds fault with Shelley for not being able "to content himself in these sequestered corners of poetry. He was always, so to speak, for making world-wide circuits of humanity." Of course he was. This was the very note of Shelley. One might as well wonder at Beethoven for not contenting himself with ballads and lyric music. It was his "world-wide circuits" that made Shelley what he was, and to the same temper may be attributed his rare use of the sonnet, which Hunt finds so surprising.

We recommend anybody whose soul is weary of personal payment of rates, of Luxemburg, and of Trades' Unions, to turn for an hour, or even half an hour, to this most pleasant book. There are, indeed, far too many sonnets in the collection. But then one can choose. And one advantage of a sonnet is that you can absorb it in a short time and at a short notice. It requires no previous reading or previous thinking. It is short, and yet it is perfect in itself. Brood for half an hour, for example, over Milton's sonnet on his own blindness, and you return to the Franchise Question or anything else with a mind soothed and renewed..

From the Saturday Review

THE CLAVERINGS.*

PEOPLE often complain that they cannot find out why it is that they like Mr. Trollope's novels so much, and are able to read so many of them without being bored. There is never very much movement in his stories. One is not excited by a violent plot, nor thrown into a pleasant meditative mood by light and subtle strokes of thought, nor strung up to an almost religious pitch of fervour by profound conceptions of human destiny and the diverse products of human effort. Perhaps there are two reasons which help to explain one's liking for Mr. Trollope's books. First, his pictures of life and manners and average human nature are exceedingly truthful, so far as they go. The author reproduces the world very much in those aspects which it wears in the eyes of most of us. It is a world where men and women play lightly at cross-purposes with one another about love and money, about sentiment and loaves and fishes; where on the whole, and in the long run, there is a very decently fair distribution of small worries and small bits of happiness; and where anybody who plays his cards as he ought to do can make sure of a competence of cash and a comfortable wife and a thoroughly respectable position before his fellows. In the second place, Mr. Trollope always writes in earnest. He never treats his people as if they were mere puppets, nor his incidents as if they were mere dreams. They are a reality in his own mind while he writes about them; he honestly feels for them as if they were actual neighbours in the flesh; and hence he talks of love-making without any levity, and of little meannesses and small ambitions in the matter of money without any sneering or snarling. The world of smallest things is still a serious place to Mr. Trollope. The tragic side is hidden from him, and the merely funny side he does not care to dwell upon. This simple earnestness, this plain sincerity of thought and vision, has a charm of its own which, added to the verisimilitude of his creations, is what lies at the bottom of the pleasure he gives us.

One of the most conspicuous of his characteristics is his strong belief in the general justice of things. He has a wonderful faith in respectability, and he would think ill of himself if he should write anything to make one suppose that iniquity is ever triumphant.

* *The Claverings*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1867.

This may be another reason why his stories are so pleasant. It is a comfort to believe that our suspicions as to the cruelty and injustice stalking around us are, after all, without foundation. In the *Claverings* this presence of the respectable god of social justice is perhaps more remarkable than in any previous book from the same hand. Everything turns out just as our belief in the general comfort of the universe requires that it should do. The heroine, one of the most charming women that even Mr. Trollope has ever drawn, in a very wicked manner marries a debauched peer for the sake of his money and his title, although she is in love all the time with a more interesting commoner, who, like the majority of interesting commoners, has only a very inadequate income. She never disguises her motives for a moment, either from herself or her lover. "Our ages by the register," she tells him, "are the same, but I am ten years older than you by the world. I have two hundred a year, and I owe at this moment six hundred pounds. You have perhaps double as much, and would lose half of that if you married. . . . Now Lord Ongar has—heaven knows what—perhaps sixty thousand a year." This is an example of Mr. Trollope's close reproduction of the actual way of the world. A novelist of the sentimental stamp would have made his heroine the heart-broken victim of cruel and rapacious parents, and very likely we should have been dreadfully moved by the young woman's sorrows. But then our emotion would have been fundamentally artificial; we should have felt that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred parents do not drive their daughters into heart-breaking matches, and then we should have been ashamed of ourselves for being accessible to such sham pathos. Mr. Trollope's Pierian spring gives no beverage which leaves a remorse of this sort, but a sober and reasonable tippie, which pleases us at the time and does not bring repentance afterwards. So we are sorry that Julia Brabazon does a wrong and a wicked thing in marrying a lord who had delirium tremens from time to time, when she was in love with a healthy commoner who had no delirium tremens; still we are sure that it was a very probable thing for such a woman to do, and we know that Mr. Trollope, as the agent of the Providence of respectable virtue, will see that she is punished just enough, and not more than enough, to vindicate the ways of society to women. Hence, though very much interested in her, we are not under the influence of any artificial and unreal excite-

ment. We know that she is in the hands of a writer who, though a fine artist in his own sphere, is never intoxicated by art. We know that a sober and reasonable vengeance will overtake her, of the kind which would overtake her in real life. Perhaps, if anything, she escapes too lightly. But then Mr. Trollope cannot bear to think of uncomfortable severity. Now and then, in his novels, he is obliged to bring some dreadful villain to thorough ruin; but he gets over it as quickly as ever he can, simply putting the villain out of doors and begging us to think no more about him.

On the same principle, Julia Brabazon's sister having married a hard, selfish, unfeeling husband, one would close the book with a certain amount of uncomfortable sentiment if she had been left in his tormenting hands. So the hard husband is "mercifully removed," as good people say, and the two widowed sisters are left to give one another such solace as they can. There is nothing sublimely blissful in such a close for a heroine, but still let us remember that she had sinned, and could not therefore, with any regard to social justice, be allowed to go and live happy ever after; and in the same way, as her sister had not sinned in this particular mode, she might well be relieved of her burdensome lord, on the theory that in this world most things come tolerably right if you will only give them time. All wrong doing, again, is complex, and hence it is impossible to bring things back to what their state had been previously to the wrongdoing. You may modify some of the effects, but some of them will remain beyond control. Thrown overboard by Julia, the hero wins the love of another. Here an element is introduced which at once makes the original perfidy absolutely irretrievable by any amount of repentance. Julia may repent and again repent. Her lord may die and set her free. Her lover may still be as much alive as ever to the old fascination. But the new element makes the problem for ever insoluble. You cannot, as George Eliot says, manipulate human beings as if they were only pawns on a chess-board. And the other woman to whom Harry Clavering had given himself after Julia's perfidy cannot in any way be manipulated off the scene. The lover may throw her over, if he likes, but then he would have felt more or less uncomfortable for the rest of his days if he had thrown her over. The unlucky maiden herself would have been left to wear the willow in misery for at least some long time to come. Julia even would have thought the less of her lover for per-

petrating a sort of imitation of her own selfish perfidy. Besides that, two honest families would have been plunged into uneasiness and misery—the one that the son of the house should have done a shameful thing, the other that the daughter of the house should have suffered a shameful thing. What has been done cannot in these matters be undone without a *deus ex machina*, and Mr. Trollope's whole notions of art forbid him to resort to this inartistic divinity. The social law must take its course. It is one of Mr. Trollope's merits that he knows how to temper judgment with mercy. He insists that Harry Clavering shall be true to his honour, but he does not quite refuse, as Theodore Burton does, to understand how his hero ever came to entertain the notion of being false to his honour. "When a true man has loved with all his heart and soul," he asks, "does he cleanse his heart of that passion when circumstances run against him and he is forced to turn elsewhere for his life's companion? Or is he untrue as a lover in that he does not waste his life in desolation because he has been disappointed? Or does his old love perish and die away because another has crept into his heart?" Mr. Trollope defends his hero, therefore, both for betrothing himself to Florence Burton, and also in a manner for letting his heart stray to his old love "when she returned to him still young, still beautiful, and told him with all her charms and all her flattery how her heart stood towards him." After this we come to a rather over-subtle distinction which Mr. Trollope draws between love and devotion. A man may love many women, he says, but should be devoted only to one. Devotion is independent of love, and is owed by any man to any woman who has promised to be his wife. What does it consist in? In "defending her at all hazards from every misadventure, in struggling ever that she may be happy, in seeing that no wind blows upon her with needless severity, that no ravening wolf of a misery shall come near her, that her path be swept clean for her—as clean as may be, and that her roof-tree be made firm upon a rock." This is no doubt a very sound and wholesome doctrine. Only, if it be so, does not what Mr. Trollope calls devotion lack the one thing needful in a woman's eyes, the one quality that makes her value the rock-like firmness of her roof-tree? Would not most fine-natured women be very ready to sacrifice ever so much of devotion for ever so little of love? However, the side which Mr. Trollope brings into most prominence, the prudential, decorous, roof-tree

side, is just that to which men's selfishness or their caprice is most apt to blind them, and therefore his ethical strain is full of value. Yet can we be sure that, in spite of his reservation of devotion, his idea that one may love many women is free from peril? In the present instance, at all events, he conveys his hero through whatever peril there may be, and hands him over loyally to the humbler love who has never played him false. Mr. Trollope is almost spiteful in his resolution to punish Lady Ongar for her first mercenary faithlessness, for he contrives at last to make Clavering the next heir to a baronetcy and a big estate, so that Julia, if she had stuck to her lover, would have got all that she wanted. Nobody can pretend that the author's moral is not good and impressive.

Some of the minor characters are photographs of the most perfect kind. The hard selfish Sir Hugh, and his brother the soft, selfish Archie, and the feebly acute Boodle, are all excellent. Count Peteroff is only a shadow of a character, and his intriguing sister is more conventional and unreal than is usual with the author. The fun of Madame Gordeloup strikes us as forced. We should be disposed to doubt whether Mr. Trollope knows a real Gordeloup; for, in drawing people who must have come under his actual observation, he seldom makes a wrong stroke or inserts a bit of unfitting colour. His characteristic humour is, in truth, only a very strong form of common sense reflecting known and observed realities. This may not produce the greatest works, but it always guarantees us works that are honest, truthful, and artistic.

From the Spectator.

THE CLAVERINGS. *

MR. TROLLOPE has treated, in both *Can You Forgive Her?* and *The Belton Estate*, the subject of a girl who does not fully know her own mind as to which of two lovers she prefers, and in *The Small House at Allington* he has given us a picture of a commoner situation,—a man vacillating, not indeed between two loves, but between two women one of whom he loves, and the other of whom dazzles his worldly ambition. But he has never, we think, before treated the subject of a man genuinely in love with two women at the same time, virtually en-

* *The Claverings*. By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols.

gaged to both, overpowered with the humiliation and shame of having to confess to either that he loves her rival better, and not indeed honestly knowing in his own mind to which of the two women he should really make that confession. No doubt this is an easier subject than that which made the central interest of *Can You Forgive Her?* and *The Belton Estate*. Men, very ordinary men, are not unfrequently in this position, while it takes peculiar circumstances, and a woman of peculiar, if really refined, nature to entertain even a moment's doubt as to which of two men she should prefer, or to change that preference, if both remain true to her. The subject is easier than that which Mr. Trollope had attempted before, but he has, we think, succeeded more than in proportion to its comparative facility. The delineation of Harry Clavering's state of mind towards his rival loves, Lady Ongar and Miss Burton, is absolutely perfect, so far as it goes. As is customary with Mr. Trollope, it does not go very deep. If any one who knows both stories will compare the struggle in Harry Clavering's mind with the exquisite picture of James Erskine's similar struggle in the only story, *A Lost Love*, which we owe to the genius of the authoress calling herself by the pseudonym of "Ashford Owen," he will see at once where Mr. Trollope's genius stops, as well as how much it can accomplish. In the anonymous story we have mentioned, you see pictured with exquisite delicacy the different class of sentiments excited in the hero's mind by the rival heroines, and also the utterly different species and depth of passion with which each of them regarded him. In *The Claverings* we may see faintly, perhaps, though only faintly, the different species of love with which Harry Clavering was regarded by Lady Ongar and Florence Burton, but even that is rather a difference of manner towards him, a difference of character in expressing it, than a difference of inward feeling. But we see nothing, absolutely nothing, of the conflicting sentiments in Harry Clavering's own mind; we see that something in each of the women attracts him, but we do not see the two currents of feeling in close contrast and comparison, the sort of pang which he would feel in giving up Florence, the different sort of pang which he would feel in giving up Julia. We have to create all that for ourselves, without any help from Mr. Trollope; the two women are drawn with great clearness, and one of them at least with great force, but if we want to know where the special torture of Harry Clavering's position was in each case,

we have to fall in love with them as well as we can for ourselves, and discriminate the special sort of affection each was able to inspire. Mr. Trollope does not help us. He does not even represent Harry as feeling that the one woman (Lady Ongar) was superior to him in power and breadth of character, and that, towards her, admiration and a certain delight in the remorse, courage, and boldness of her love, — she had been faithless to him once, — were the predominant elements of attraction. He does not tell us that the other's inferiority of position, and her gentle confiding nature filled him with the protecting pride which a man generally loves best to feel towards the woman of his choice, and made him sensible of that perfect ease in her presence which Harry Clavering could scarcely perhaps have felt with such a one as Lady Ongar. Mr. Trollope leaves this deeper element of sentiment in his plot absolutely to the imagination of his readers. He paints for us truly enough how they spoke and acted, but he does not give us much conception of how they felt. Even after he had made his choice, Harry Clavering must have felt that there was something wanting in Florence which he had loved in Lady Ongar, as he would certainly have felt about Lady Ongar had he chosen her instead of Florence, — and we think there would be much more — for a novelist who chose to describe sentiment as well as manners — to say of his inward regrets, and perhaps even of their occasional effect on his outward manner to Florence, than Mr. Trollope has told us. These, indeed, are the elements of life of which Mr. Trollope seldom attempts to speak at all.

But accepting, as in literature, one must always accept, the limitations which a man of genius either imposes on himself, or recognizes as limitations which he must not often attempt to pass, the art of *The Claverings* strikes us as of a very high class. There are far fewer unconnected side-pictures than is usual in Mr. Trollope's novels. Indeed, almost every side-picture is calculated to heighten the effect of the principal subject of the story. Harry Clavering's rather weak openness to the influence of any attractive woman with whom he is much thrown, is brought out in strong relief against the ungainly curate's (Mr. Saul's) manly dignity and intensity of purpose. Mr. Trollope has contrasted his rather soft, though in relation to all but feminine affairs perfectly manly, hero, with one who in many respects seems but half a man, and yet is, in relation to the dignity, depth, and constancy of his affection, immeasurably Harry Clavering's

superior; and the effect of the contrast is a new force both in the mere vividness of the picture and in the clearness and truthfulness of Mr. Trollope's moral. For there is a moral, and, as we take it, a very high, and in these present days a very rare moral, in Mr. Trollope's tale, which strikes us as one of the healthiest and, without soaring very high, one of the noblest for ordinary men which has been written for many a day. His great moral, — for men at least, — is that the mind, the will, can regulate the affections, as much as any other part of us, — that "no man need cease to love without a cause; a man may maintain his love, and nourish it, and keep it warm by honest, manly effort, as he may his probity, or his courage, or his honour." That is a wholesome and necessary truth in these days of sentimental novels, and it is admirably illustrated in the graphic tale before us. Mr. Trollope is so well known for the artistic force and liveliness of his delineations, that it is only fair sometimes to call attention to the manliness of his morality, and nothing can be manlier than the morality of the following passage: —

"He unconsciously allowed himself to dwell upon the words with which he would seek to excuse his treachery to Florence. He thought how he would tell her, — not to her face with spoken words, for that he could not do, — but with written skill, that he was unworthy of her goodness, that his love for her had fallen off through his own unworthiness, and had returned to one who was in all respects less perfect than she, but who in old days, as she well knew, had been his first love. Yes! he would say all this, and Julia, let her anger be what it might, should know that he had said it. As he planned this, there came to him a little comfort, for he thought there was something grand in such a resolution. Yes! he would do that, even though he should lose Julia also. Miserable clap-trap! He knew in his heart that all his logic was false, and his arguments baseless. Cease to love Florence Burton! He had not ceased to love her, nor is the heart of any man made so like a weathercock that it needs must turn itself hither and thither, as the wind directs, and be altogether beyond the man's control. For Harry, with all his faults, and in spite of his present falseness, was a man. No man ceases to love without a cause. No man need cease to love without a cause. A man may maintain his love, and nourish it, and keep it warm by honest, manly effort, as he may his probity, his courage, or his honour. It was not that he had ceased to love Florence; but that the glare of the candle had been too bright for him, and he had scorched his wings."

On the woman's side, too, the morality is as sound and as vigorous as on the man's.

Neither man nor woman, we suppose, will read this novel without thinking the picture of Julia Brabazon, afterwards Lady Ongar, one of the most powerful and, in spite of her deliberate sale of herself for a title and a fortune, one of the most attractive of all Mr. Trollope's feminine portraits. All about her is marked with a certain power and brilliancy. Her wilful worldliness at the beginning of the book, her horror of mean cares and a poverty-stricken career, her determination to sacrifice love for splendour, are all deliberate, and all carried into action with a certain grandeur of purpose, with a clear understanding of the wrong she is doing and that she is clearly responsible for all the evil effects of doing it. Then her self-disgust afterwards at what she has done, her utter failure to enjoy the price of this sale of herself, the proud shame with which she bears the aspersions on her name which are the natural results of having married such a man as Lord Ongar, the misery of her loneliness on her first return to England, the clearly self-avowed purpose with which she determines to make up, — if she may, — to Harry Clavering by her new fortune for having once thrown him over for the sake of money and rank, the proud resentment with which she braves her brother-in-law's (Sir Hugh Clavering's) coldness, the restlessness with which she goes from place to place and is satisfied nowhere, all painted with a master's hand. We fear that few readers will fail to find that, on the whole, there is more that is fascinating in Lady Ongar, in spite of her great, her unwomanly sin in marrying such a man as Lord Ongar for rank and money, than in Florence Burton; — a larger nature at least, capable of great sin and great magnanimity also. But in spite of this, Mr. Trollope draws with a sincerity that never fails him the true and natural punishment of her sin, — first of all, and perhaps deepest of all, the disappearance of that true delicacy which could scarcely survive so deliberate a sale of herself as Julia Brabazon's; then, as its external penalty, the gathering of mean intrigues and meaner intriguers round her, the dirty and rapacious little harpy, Sophie Gordeloup, the selfish and able Count Pateroff, the foolish good-for-nothing Archie Clavering. Archie Clavering's counsellor in his aspirations after Lady Ongar's fortune, Captain Boodle, is a picture of the highest humour and skill, and yet it is not in any sense a diversion from the main object of the story, as so many of Mr. Trollope's cleverest sketches in other tales have been. Many will read the coarse

humour of the chapter, "Let her know that you're there," as if it were merely coarse humour, but in truth the coarse humour contains the highest moral in the story, showing, as it does, how just a retribution women who act as Julia Brabazon acted, bring on themselves, by being made the subject of such coarse speculation. The dialogue we are going to quote should be read in connection with the few words of previous dialogue in which Sir Hugh advises his brother Archie to ask Lady Ongar to marry him, and repudiates angrily the notion that there is any indelicacy in the proposal, though Lord Ongar had been dead only four months:—

"The world still looked askance at Lady Ongar, and Hugh did not wish to take up the armour of a paladin in her favour. If Archie married her, Archie would be the paladin; though, indeed, in that case, no paladin would be needed. 'She has only been a widow, you know, four months,' said Archie, pleading for delay. 'It won't be delicate; will it?'—'Delicate!' said Sir Hugh. 'I don't know whether there is much of delicacy in it at all.'—'I don't see why she isn't to be treated like any other woman. If you were to die, you'd think it very odd if any fellow came up to Hermy before the season was over.'—'Archie, you are a fool,' said Sir Hugh; and Archie could see by his brother's brow that Hugh was angry. 'You say things that for folly and absurdity are beyond belief. If you can't see the peculiarities of Julia's position, I am not going to point them out to you.'"

And as if to illustrate this entire absence of all delicacy in the situation, the conference between Archie Clavering, and his adviser, Captain Boodle, immediately follows:—

"'They say she's been a little queer, don't they?' said the friendly counsellor [Captain Boodle].—'Of course people talk, you know.'—'Talk, yes; they're talking a doosed sight, I should say. There's no mistake about the money, I suppose?'—'Oh! none,' said Archie, shaking his head vigorously. 'Hugh managed all that for her, so I know it.'—'She don't lose any of it because she enters herself for running again, does she?'—'Not a shilling. That's the beauty of it.'—'Was you ever sweet on her before?'—'What! before Ongar took her? O laws, no! She hadn't a rap, you know; and knew how to spend money as well as any girl in London.'—'It's all to begin, then, Clavvy; all the up-hill work to be done?'—'Well, yes; I don't know about up-hill, Doodles. What do you mean by up-hill?'—'I mean that seven thousand a year ain't usually to be picked up merely by trotting easy along the flat. And this sort of work is very up-hill generally, I take it;—unless, you

know, a fellow has a fancy for it. If a fellow is really sweet on a girl, he likes it, I suppose.'—'She's a doosed handsome woman, you know, Doodles.'—'I don't know anything about it, except that I suppose Ongar wouldn't have taken her if she hadn't stood well on her pasterns, and had some breeding about her. I never thought much of her sister—your brother's wife, you know,—that is in the way of looks. No doubt she runs straight, and that's a great thing. She won't go the wrong side of the post.'—'As for running straight, let me alone for that.'—'Well, now, Clavvy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hand can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, or throw her out of her step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there! Do you understand me?'—'Yes; I understand you, Doodles.'—'I always choose that she shall know that I'm there!' And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these manly words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein. 'Their mouths are never so fine then, and they generally want to be brought up to the bit, d'ye see—up to the bit. When a mare has been trained to her work, and knows what she's at in her running, she's all the better for feeling a fellow's hands as she's going. She likes it rather. It gives her confidence and makes her know where she is. And look here, Clavvy, when she comes to her fences, give her her head; but steady her first, and make her know that you're there. Damme, whatever you do, let her know that you're there! There is nothing like it. She'll think all the more of the fellow that's piloting her. And look here, Clavvy; ride her with spurs. Always ride a trained mare with spurs. Let her know that they're on; and if she tries to get her head, give 'em her. Yes, by George give 'em her!' And Captain Boodle in his energy twisted himself in his chair, and brought his heel round, so that it could be seen by Archie."

We have heard this called coarse, true and powerful as it is. And coarse indeed it is, but the coarseness of the highest morality. What can be more realistic, or more wise in its realism, than to teach women such as Julia Brabazon to what they really lay themselves open, when they act as she acted?

The Claverings has, as we believe, a higher moral, and a more perfect artistic unity of the kind we have indicated, than any of Mr. Trollope's previous tales. There is scarcely a touch in it which does not contribute to the main effect, both artistic and moral, of the story, and not a character introduced, however slightly sketched, which does not produce its own unique and specific effect on the reader's imagination.

From the London Review.

THE RELEASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE Drama of Revolution in the United States has evolved so many strange and various scenes, since the day when the curtain fell on Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court-house, that the early actors in the great struggle have glided, so to speak, out of sight and memory, at least in Europe. Dim and faded are now the rival reputations once so fiercely canvassed, of McClellan and Beauregard, Hooker and Longstreet, Sheridan and Stuart. Even the brilliant names of Jackson and Sherman, Grant and Lee, have lost much of their brightness. Clean forgotten are the infamies rightly or wrongly fixed by one side and the other, on Butler and Forrest, Turchin and McNeill: gone the Copperhead distinction of Fernando Wood and Vallandigham. The fame of Lincoln, consecrated by martyrdom, survives, and will keep its place in the hagiology of freedom; but few care to follow the obscurer, if "earthlier happy" fate of his rival and enemy. Four years ago the name of Jefferson Davis was extolled by many, perhaps by the majority of Englishmen. His character as a statesman was extravagantly elevated to the level of Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon. But in the rear of failure came oblivion and contempt. From the day when the ex-President of the Slave Republic was captured at Irwinsville, in Georgia, disguised in his wife's attire, his name has been little mentioned in England. When the citizens of the North, naturally and bitterly indignant at the infamous crime of Booth, were urgent to prosecute, upon most baseless suspicions the great chief of the rebellion, a few voices were raised at this side of the Atlantic in favour of the fallen statesman, and from time to time a feeble protest or two has been heard in English journals against his incarceration in Fort Monroe. For a long time, indeed until public passion in America had cooled down from its first fever-heat, the State Prison, not demanding close and unhealthy confinement or degrading punishment, was probably the safest place within Federal limits for Mr. Davis. But with fresh struggles in the reunited republic there came forgetfulness of the past and expiated treason of the South. And though a large party in the North was desirous of bringing the question of the ex-President's guilt before a legal tribunal, so many difficulties lay in the path of the prosecution, so much uncertainty and vague dread would inevitably be aroused thereby,

so small was the tangible advantage to be hoped for, that in setting free the prisoner no longer dangerous or in danger, scarcely regarded by any party as notable, the majority in the United States may be considered to have obeyed at once the dictates of magnanimity and good sense. Upon a resolution so just and prudent, the American Government and the dominant party in Congress may well receive the congratulations of civilized Europe.

Mr. Davis, we learn by the latest telegrams, has left Richmond for New York. His application for his writ of habeas corpus, laid a few days ago before the Circuit Court of Virginia, was not opposed on behalf of the Government, and was immediately followed by his release on bail, with the obligation, which is, we may be assured, merely formal, of appearing before the court, if required, in November next. His arrival at the Empire City, where but three years ago his name was in every mouth, will probably be little noticed. What a change since the victorious and hopeful days of Bull Run and Chancellorsville! What a retrospect for the baffled leader of a rebellion that might have been a revolution! As the man vanishes from public sight, let us for an instant recall his past life, so full of strange vicissitudes. Mr. Jefferson Davis belonged by birth and association to the class which was most identified with the "peculiar institution" of the South. Brought up in the State of Mississippi, one of those Gulf States which were far more bitterly hostile to freedom than the older and more settled communities of the Border, he had early taken a part in public life. In the Mexican war he had been distinguished as a soldier, and at the same time as a consistent and fervent supporter of the nullifying policy of Calhoun. As Governor of his State, he was a prominent advocate of that system of dishonest repudiation which contributed so much to estrange English feeling from America. As Senator he was a leader in that aggressive action of the coalesced slave power which roused the free-soiler to the resistance that culminated in Lincoln's election and in the great civil war. Under the administration of President Franklin Pierce he held the office of Secretary-at-War, and it was as commissioners despatched by him that McClellan and Lee watched the progress of the Crimean war. In the Senate of the United States he pursued throughout Buchanan's presidency a course which proved that secession was with him a foregone conclusion. He procured by legislative enactment, unchecked by the simplicity of the

North and the treacherous apathy of the Government, the distribution of Federal military stores throughout the South. Then he brought forward a Bill making it compulsory on the Central Government to uphold the rights of slaveholders in the territories of the Union, and he enforced this demand with the menace of that secession which had been predetermined. When the division between the Northern Democrats and the Slave Party secured the defeat of both Douglas and Breckinridge, and the triumph of the Republicans by Lincoln's return, Mr. Davis showed no hesitation in choosing his part. On the 20th of December, 1860, four months before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession; three weeks after, Mississippi, with the rest of the Gulf States, followed, and Mr. Davis immediately quitted his place in the Senate. On the 4th of February, 1861, the delegates of the seceding States met at Montgomery in the State of Alabama, and having framed a Constitution, proceeded to elect Jefferson Davis President of the new Confederation for a term of six years. On the 13th of April Fort Sumter was surrendered to Beauregard, and the greatest war of modern times began.

Mr. Davis's character as a statesman has been the subject of much controversy. It cannot be disputed that for the single purpose of awakening Southern enthusiasm and exciting European sympathy, the President of the Confederation was hardly to be matched. An accomplished writer and speaker, he in his messages and despatches did much to veil the inherent vices and weaknesses of the Secession cause. But it may fairly be questioned whether his confident professions of success, his rigorous control of free opinion in the South, his misrepresentations of the resources of the North and of his own people, did not tend to prolong a fatal struggle that might have been better abandoned early in 1863. At all events, there can be but one opinion of the bitter animosity, the foolishly braggart language in which he indulged as the armies of the North closed round the doomed Confederacy. After Sherman's capture of Atlanta, the Southern President ordered thanksgiving services in the churches of Richmond—a proceeding which almost justifies the theory attributed to him in the "Biglow Papers,"—

"How winning the day
Consists in triumphantly getting away."

At this time his temper seems to have become soured. "Do you not all know," he

said to the army in Georgia, "that the only way to make spaniels civil is to whip them?" Unluckily for him, the whipping was done the other way. As the prospects of the rebellion became more gloomy, Mr. Davis was savagely attacked by a large party in the South. He was accused of improvidence, of favouritism, even of want of courage. Probably Grant's successes before Richmond, and the subsequent ruin of the secession cause, only saved Mr. Davis from deposition at the hands of those by whom he was long looked up to as a hero.

The attempt made by some miserable informers and perjured sycophants to inculpate Mr. Davis with respect to that vile crime of Good Friday, 1865, which has fixed indelible disgrace on the slave-owning party, were happily little regarded by any respectable politicians in the North. President Johnson and some of his immediate advisers were anxious, we believe, to obtain a legal decision in the case of the Confederate leader for the purpose of settling the law of treason, just as some members of the Jamaica Committee urged the prosecution of Mr. Eyre for the same purpose. It seems, however, at once nobler and more consistent to make the amnesty extended to the South complete. The example will not be lost to the world. If ever rebellion deserved punishment as destructive and inexcusable, the revolt that was headed by Mr. Davis should not have escaped. But the tendency of modern progress has been to deal lightly with political offences, to punish rebels only so far as their impunity may be dangerous, and, where their influence has disappeared, to grant them liberty and life. Already even the most docile Englishmen have begun to profit by the example of America. Without exciting many Tory fears, the Government of Lord Derby may surely go so far in the way of "Americanizing out institutions" as to imitate the clemency of the Government of President Johnson.

From the Spectator.

DISRAELI—WORSHIP.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said with his usual cleverness yesterday week, that "the Chancellor of the Exchequer had lugged that great omnibus full of stupid heavy country gentlemen" up the hill of Reform with a spirit for which all true Radicals would return him their heartiest thanks. That was well said, and would make a cap-

tal illustration for *Fun*, but if Mr. Tenniel would again work out for us one of those higher imaginative conceptions which impress on some of his cartoons in *Punch* a character of ideal power, ensuring them a life long beyond the momentary situation that suggests them, let him reverse the image, and draw Mr. Disraeli as the inscrutable Sphinx of Mr. Poynter's great picture, tugged along to be installed as one of the idols of the hour by the same stupid, heavy, country gentlemen, with many a drop of sweat and many a fierce gesticulation, while the wives and daughters of the enslaved squirearchy dance reluctantly before his triumphal path. Mr. Bernal Osborne himself, as one of the Radical leaders, might be stooping from the car curling his long lash at the reluctant team; and Mr. Lowe might appear as the scowling and gasping Israelite who had fallen out of his place, and was evidently launching deep curses at the head both of his taskmasters and their temporary god. For though no doubt in one sense Mr. Disraeli had hoisted up the country gentlemen to their present position, in another and more important sense, they have conveyed him, the inscrutable and enigmatic idol of the moment, to the altar on which he at present stands. The House of Commons, in spite of its thorough distrust of him, which is indeed the usual attitude of idolaters towards the divinities they celebrate and strive to conciliate, is lost in wonder at his great feats. The spirit of criticism is almost paralyzed by his miraculous success. Every taunt flies back like a boom-erang at the head of him who launched it. The sword of every one of his opponents enters into his own breast, and the bow of the rash archer who aims at him snaps and lies broken in his hands. People go about on every side crying, "It is a god, it is a god!" Private warnings are given that it is no use attacking Disraeli; he will only cry tush! and suck thereout no small advantage. If you give him what would poison any one else, he thrives upon it. It is a sort of enchantment. Unless any one can get hold of the talisman that will break the spell, the stars in their courses will fight against his foes. Is not the marvel visible to the dullest eyes, — Radicals and high Tories competing together to serve him, while both alike murmur ejaculations of distrust between their teeth? Such is the general talk, and whatever the charms by which Mr. Disraeli has worked hitherto, it is really true that he is now beginning to get that influence over the nerves and imaginations of all parties which, while it is very far indeed

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from winning their hearts, — indeed probably turning their hearts more and more away from the detestable worship in which they are engaged, — still paralyzes their will and renders opposition hopeless and impotent. Mr. Disraeli is for the time more than an adversary; he is inscrutable, invulnerable, — a powerful, passionless political Sphinx. When he puts on his idiotic mask he is most dangerous of all. Then he is laying up in his high mind some slight to his divinity, and calculating the rate of compound interest at which he will repay it; or he is maturing some spell which shall make his adversaries mistake friends for foes, and fall hotly upon each other, instead of upon him; or he is meditating some fresh and potent charm, which shall prolong the servitude of such slaves of the lamp as Lord Stanley, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and Sir Stafford Northcote, and make them see their former political thoughts as ghosts gibbering unmeaning reproaches, and hear their former words as dreamers hear the words of those around them. The old Greek Sphinx used to ask rather difficult riddles, but this modern political Sphinx answers them infallibly, — even though they be of the highest degree of complexity. How to coax the Tory into Radicalism by giving him a number of false hopes and taking them away one by one; — how to utilize the accident of the irrepressible compounder so as to make the Tories think him a final and irresistible obstacle to household suffrage, until at last they are even more sick of the compounder than of household suffrage itself, and see the last wave of the wand which consigns him finally to the receptacle for obsolete machinery with a sigh of something like relief; how to resist and defeat the Liberals with a stern face and even ardent defiance, though the whole battle is to the mind of the leader purely formal, — fought only for the sake of showing the power to beat, and though he means after all to resign the ground for which he fights so hotly; — these are the sort of riddles, hopeless because they would never present themselves to ordinary politicians, which Mr. Disraeli has been solving syllable by syllable with consummate art, and with the enigmatic reticence of an oracle who loves both to bewilder and bewitch his devotees.

We do not wonder at this reluctant Disraeli-worship, though we doubt whether a baser form of Parliamentary idolatry has ever been invented. No doubt there are qualities in the idol which are not, in themselves, ignoble, — a coolness and courage equal to any emergency, a self-confidence

that is almost above the possibility of irritable despondency, an impassiveness that never fails under attack, and a fertility of invention worthy of a demon or a god. But all these qualities, rare as they are, and, apart from the purposes to which they are turned, intellectually admirable as they are, are by no means qualities which it is at all desirable to be always contemplating with wonder and awe. For the most part they are dexterities, even the *abstract* respect for which cannot be cultivated without a constant lessening of respect for great and liberal aims, since admiration for the studied manners and wonderful address of a good manager must inevitably slide into admiration for those happy strokes of mere skill in which the object and purpose of the manoeuvre is entirely lost sight of. But when these qualities are worshipped by no means in the abstract, but in the very concrete case of Mr. Disraeli himself, who combines with them a perfect unscrupulousness as to political principle, a readiness to ring the changes on Radicalism and Toryism, on Free-Trade and Protection, on "the Semitic principle" and the man-of-the-world practice, precisely as is most conducive to his own fortunes as a statesman, the Disraeli-Fetishism which is dominating the imagination of the House of Commons will be seen to foster one of the most degrading of political idolatries. The enigmatic and inscrutable calm of the idol's face, the half-witted expression with which he foils the curiosity of the House when he is pressed for an answer which he wants time to meditate, the practised hesitation with which he announces what he had long determined on, the adroitness with which he prepares for a concession by giving notice of what looks like an aggression but which turns out, to the great disappointment of his enemies, to be only the bold face which a concession should put on,—all these are personal accomplishments which it is but too easy, and exceedingly humiliating, to imitate, but in which imitators are absolutely certain not to succeed. But in one thing the votaries of the new Disraeli-worship will undoubtedly succeed. They will be able,—it is already obvious indeed how able they are,—to rid themselves as completely as their divinity of the superstitions of old convictions and life-long faiths. Nothing could be more striking than the Disraelite self-control with which his Tory devotees only on Monday night refrained from betraying their not yet extinct sympathy with Mr. Lowe's Conservatism, which, expressed as it was in language of wonderful force and dignity, would, if

delivered last session, have been cheered to the echo. No doubt there was a visible flutter about their heart-strings, a twitching of their nerves, a yearning of the still unmastered instincts of the past to burst into a generous cheer as he sat down; but there sat the pallid enigma of the new idolatry, with cold, impassive face, silently teaching the lesson of self-mastery to his fascinated followers, and the natural instinct was subdued in a moment, and died away with the last accent of this last appeal. Disraeli-worship will not give tact and subtlety, and craft and counsel to the "brute votes" of the House of Commons, but it will work that revolution of nature which is said to be due only to grace—or its opposite. It will make it easy to throw off the ties of conviction, amusing to desert the faith of a life-time, pleasant to outwit opponents by fairly outbidding them; it will make political dishonesty seem a department of æsthetics, and political thimble-rig a polite study; it will elevate the invention of political machinery for breaking the fall of consciences into a fine art, and make the successful use of such machinery a service of honour. It is time that our Parliament be reformed, if only the new formation could be a regeneration. It has steadily fallen in its ideal of statesmanship from its birth to its death. Lord John Russell,—no great political idol of ours,—was its first and best hero. Narrow, self-important, and in many respects ungenerous, he had still the profoundest love of liberty, and the highest earnestness of which Whig politics were ever capable. To him succeeded Sir Robert Peel, rather a great minister than a great statesman, pompous and ostentatious in manner, limited and shortsighted in his views, but acute in discerning the immediate signs of the times, and capable of great personal sacrifices to achieve what he felt the good of the country imperiously demanded. To him, again, succeeded Lord Palmerston, with less of moral principle than either of his predecessors, flippant, careless of the higher aims of politics, yet very tenacious of the few views he was pleased to regard as principles, always ready to do battle against what he thought un-English, and without a trace of anything sinister in his character. And now at last, in its days of decrepitude and decay, Mr. Disraeli is the object of Parliamentary worship, a statesman with ambiguity for his chief attribute and artifice for the method of his government,—with political principles which no one knows, unless it be the principle of artfully propping aristocratic institutions on the suffrages of the most

ignorant of the mob, — with wonderful proficiency in theatrical counterfeits and also in amphitheatrical feats, such as riding with one foot on the back of each party, — with, no doubt, splendid coolness and courage, which no one can imitate, — and for the rest, made up of superficial and tricky cleverness, which every one can imitate quite sufficiently to humiliate himself. And such is the idol which Parliament is every day adoring with a deeper awe, and for which it deserts Mr. Gladstone, the highest-minded statesman of this generation, if not of any generation since the Restoration.

From the Spectator.

MR. LOWE'S LAST DELIVERANCE.

IF Mr. Lowe were always as much in earnest as he is when denouncing democracy, he would, with all his drawbacks, yet be a great Parliamentary chief. There was something of moral as well as intellectual greatness in his attitude on Monday night. He stood up in his place alone and hopeless, with no party and no seconder, no supports save the strength of his own conviction and the power of his own brain, to do battle against both parties in the House of Commons, to argue down an accomplished fact, or if that might not be, to tell an unwilling audience, which hardly gave him a cheer, what manner of fact it had accomplished. If there is one personal victory for which Mr. Lowe cares, it is to elicit that roar of assent which follows a speaker who has expressed the unspoken thought of a great party in the House of Commons, — an acknowledgement of power doubly valuable to one who does not see the faces of those whom he is moving, but in this instance he felt when he began and knew as he concluded that his sympathisers could not cheer. If there is one personal interest for which Mr. Lowe cares deeply it is the safety of his seat, and he had to render it questionable whether he should ever have a seat in the House of Commons again. He is not the man whom counties choose, and in every borough in England or Scotland he will be faced by a majority which he has declared unworthy of the privilege of electing him. Yet he stood up calmly, and for two hours poured out eloquent denunciations of the Revolution which a few minutes after he sat down was accepted in silence and without a division, by the men he had only last year led in a victorious defence against a far

milder assault. With his cardinal dogma that the suffrage is wide enough already, we have no sympathy whatever, in most of his vaticinations we have no confidence of any sort, but even in an enemy we honour high intellectual courage and personal disinterestedness. Mr. Lowe's speech did not change a vote, his argument perhaps did not deserve to change a vote, but he did one grand service to the House, he forced it to recognize the magnitude of the change which, partly from weariness, partly from hopefulness, partly from sheer stupidity, it has at last resolved to accomplish. He showed the members the truth, which from a widely different point of view we have been so constantly reiterating, that with the adoption of Household Suffrage the sovereignty of the British Empire passes away from the hands of the middle class into that of one far below them. The new power may be wiser or less wise, stronger or weaker, less selfish or more corrupt, but it will be new as the power which in 1832 superseded the Peerage in the direct government of the country. The House of Commons is the final executive as well as legislative authority in the British Empire, in India as in London, for the conduct of foreign affairs as for the imposition of parochial taxes. If it orders the conquest of China, or the remission of the sugar duties, the order must be, more or less, heartily obeyed. The Borough members return a clear working majority of the House, and the power of appointing those members passes under the Tory Bill to the non-electors — men, that is, as Mr. Lowe clearly put it, whose politics statesmen do not know, whose ideas no man of all those who have voted for their enthronement even thinks himself able to understand. From the day the bill passes the working classes, skilled and unskilled equally, without selection, natural or other, are whenever they please to exert their authority our masters, ten times more absolute than the Peers ever were, for they lived in danger of revolt; five times as absolute as the middle-class, for they knew that in the last resort physical power lay elsewhere. Every decree will issue from the only class strong enough to resist oppression. If the Householders will to shut Hyde Park they can make short work of any Beales bold enough to threaten the railings. The House has changed by a vote, practically unanimous, the ultimate depositaries of power, changed them, as Mr. Lowe boldly told both parties, without wishing it, without designing it, without knowing aught of the new trustees. It intended, and right-

ly intended to give skilful labour a full share of power, and it has given all power over to unskilled labour, without knowing what unskilled labour wants.

Mr. Lowe knows as little as the rest of us, and this was the weak point of an otherwise most effective and statesmanlike speech. His grand point is the impossibility of stating the political tendencies of the class below the skilled artisans, yet he immediately proceeded to state them as if he possessed the very knowledge he repudiated. Their tendency, he affirmed, would be "under various forms to redistribute property, to upset "a state of society in which all evil things are given to them and all good things to others," to realize the wise old Hindoo proverb which tells us that power and money are never separated long. The social facts, he argues, will be in conflict with the political facts, and will certainly be brought into accord. As we put it less eloquently a fortnight since, the uncomfortable will rule the comfortable, and will strive to become comfortable too. There is no harm in that end, if it be wisely pursued, but Mr. Lowe believes that it will be pursued unwisely, under the guidance of mere desires instead of thoughts. With what eyes, he asks, will the new constituencies look upon the 26,000,000*l.* a year raised for a Debt they did not contract, and for which they consider themselves morally irresponsible? Will they not take off all duties from their own luxuries tea, and sugar, tobacco and liquors, and place them upon realized property, in the form of a property-tax, or a graduated income-tax, or both? Will they not, as in Queensland, clamour for inconvertible currency, and, as in America, strive to raise wages by enormous protective duties? These detailed prophecies these Sybilline leaves, devoted to the future of finance, seem to us a little feeble. It is quite clear the Householders will not do all these things together, for most of them are mutually destructive. They will not certainly repudiate the Debt, while putting it on the shoulders of the rich; they will not abolish indirect taxes, and put on a protective or prohibitory tariff. The Householders may be very silly, but they cannot be silly in two ways at once, and it is exceedingly doubtful if they will be silly in the direction of property rights at all. The very best representative of the new electors, indeed the only visible person who is like them at all, is the average British juryman, and in particular the juryman who sits on a coroner's inquest, and his tendency is towards a morbid appreciation of the sacredness of property. He will never convict any-

body who takes life in defence, or fancied defence, of property. He is much more likely to enact savage laws against larceny, and grant extreme rights of self-defence, and pull down local taxation, as Mr. Hodgkinson says the municipal voters of Stockport have done, than to make any attack upon property whatever. As to spirit duties, which Mr. Lowe says will be instantly abolished, our fear is that spirit-selling will be made, as in Massachusetts, a highly penal offence, as it certainly would be, in the great cities if the operatives had their own way. The danger is not that they will pillage anybody,—they are quite as honest as the small tradesmen who now hold power,—but that they will in sheer ignorance demand "reforms" the effect of which will be to cripple industry; or expenditures in the shape of public works and relaxations of the Poor Law, the effect of which would be to compel the Haves to provide life annuities for the Have-nots without any compensation. It is their ignorance which we dread, not their dishonesty, and in dreading it we have as few data as Mr. Lowe himself asserts any one else can boast. There, and not in any possible aberration about fiscal subjects, lies the solid and in our minds unanswerable objection to the adoption of household suffrage, unchecked and unchequered by new varieties of franchise. We are electing a new Caesar, an absolute master, without knowing anything about him, except that if he chooses to be foolish wisdom must be silent in presence of irresistible physical force. Very likely he will not choose. If one thing was certain, *a priori*, in 1832, it was that the middle-class would be selfish in the matter of taxation, yet this is the thing in which its unselfishness has been most of all conspicuous, it having deliberately lifted the most painful of all burdens, the income-tax, on to its own shoulders. The history of England for ages shows that there exists somewhere in the national character, in its retentive though slow brain, which accumulates so much and initiates so little, in its heart, with its strong sympathies with all nobleness that it can understand, some antiseptic, some remedy against every form and degree of blundering. The national character is good, and in the long run the householders can only represent the nation, or be in their turn superceded by the nation itself advancing to the front. Leaders in England have almost always been wiser and better than the led, and there is no *a priori* reason why outside the petty boroughs the householders should be worse than the middle class, and in the last resort it is not in the petty boroughs that physical power

lies. The householders of London do not elect bad men, and London is equal in strength to all the petty boroughs put together. We are not afraid, as Mr. Lowe is, for the ultimate result of a measure which at all events removes at once and forever the powerlessness of the Legislature — "interests" had better not play with their new Sovereign — but we complain of this. The House of Commons has, in defiance of all political principle and of its own convictions, without any necessity, without any adequate consideration, transferred all power to a single class, and that the class most likely to be deceived by its pressing necessities, its Utopian hopes, and its unhappy ignorance. A change compared with which every other change is trivial, a radical change in the Constitution, has been sanctioned without willingness, without compulsion, and without knowledge. It is nonsense to talk of willingness, in the face of the debates of last year. It is folly to talk of compulsion when by enfranchising the great cities only we could have bound the only formidable population to our own side, — Wallingford not being exactly prepared to march on London; and as to knowledge, is there a member in either House who even thinks he knows what kind of House of Commons the next one will be? If a measure so carried should work well, it will be a new proof how little human foresight can accomplish towards regulating the march of human affairs. At all events, whether he proves wise or foolish, pure or corrupt, energetic or sleepy, let us, at least, acknowledge that on Monday night Great Britain elected a new Sovereign — by lot.

From The Spectator.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF DISARMAMENT.

REPORTS have been flying about Europe for the last fortnight that Lord Stanley had submitted to the Luxemburg Conference a proposal for a general disarmament. So widely were they believed that the Prussian Government took the trouble to contradict them, and every now and then some German or Belgian newspaper revives them with a certain vigour of asseveration. All this while Reuter flashes every day to all capitals a conclusive answer to the story, — the progress which the Emperor Napoleon is making with his Bill for the reorganization of the French Army. The hitch which threatened the Bill, the desire of the Empe-

ror to place the French like the Prussian Army beyond the reach of any Representative Body, has been got over, and it is understood that the Chamber will vote the increase of the minimum strength from 600,000 to 800,000 men, the increase to commence this year. In the teeth of such "preparations for peace" projects of disarmament are worthless, except as expressions of the public conviction that Europe sacrifices too much of her energy, her population, and her treasure to security or ambition. That conviction is in England so strong that Englishmen fail to see the difficulty of acting upon it, are half inclined to believe that kings are raising and peoples enduring vast armaments out of mere wantonness or stupidity. That is not the case, and as the impression produces much mischief it may be as well to point out some few of the difficulties which impede, and we fear for years to come will impede, any serious reduction in the Armies of Europe.

The nations of the Continent regard their armies exactly as we regard our Navy. Englishmen wish to be safe, and to be safe for reasons other than their neighbours' forbearance, and they therefore keep up a Navy sufficient to prevent any two navies from doing them serious harm. They could "Trust" Louis Napoleon just as easily as Prussia could, and with great relief to the finances, but they think it more expedient and more honourable to render that trustfulness unnecessary. Consequently, they pay for their ships every year rather more than Prussia before her aggrandizement paid for her soldiers, and refuse to listen to humanitarian talk upon that subject with some asperity. The Continental peoples have just the same feeling, rational or irrational, and they make just the same calculation. They want armies numerous enough to drive out the troops of any power or combination of powers likely to invade them. The number which seems to them required is usually a good many. Every Continental Power except Russia, which has other necessities, is at this moment, or has been recently, liable to be attacked by two powers, — Austria by Prussia and Italy, France by Prussia and Italy, Prussia by Austria and France. An attack by even one power is a very terrible thing for the attacked nation, as Englishmen would know if a conqueror's soldier had ever been billeted on London, and all nations exposed to invasion are willing to make insurance against it the highest duty both upon their fortunes and their lives. The only point on which dispute is possible is the amount of insurance

necessary, and most unfortunately for Europe there are two fixed data in that calculation neither of which is at present susceptible of any change, — the existence of one nation which is compelled to keep up a vast army for internal purposes, and of another which trains, drills, and provides *matériel* for its whole people, Russia cannot disarm. Her territory is so vast, it contains so many half-civilized warrior races, its people are so little civilized, and its governing machinery is without the bayonet so feeble, that with less than 600,000 men the empire would probably perish from incessant small shocks, attacks, *émeutes*, and rebellions. Without an immense garrison Poland would be lost. Without an immense garrison the recent trouble between nobles and peasants would have resulted in an agrarian war spread over a territory as large as the rest of Europe. Empires never die willingly, and Russia therefore remains armed, just as we remain armed in India. But every army which includes many hundreds of thousands of men, can always spare a considerable force for offensive purposes, say a fourth; and her neighbours must therefore always be either ready to resist 150,000 Russians, or to follow Russian lead. Then Prussia adopted in the past, under special necessity, the system of arming the whole nation, the recent campaign shows that the armament is efficient, and consequently her neighbours have to prepare to meet an entire nation in arms. Without such a force of its own, no nation bordering on Prussia could be tranquillized by any numerical reductions, for no reductions really impair the force at Frederick William's disposal. A hundred thousand men, less or more, actually round the colours make no difference, for every Prussian can be summoned, and every man can within a week appear in full fighting trim. Wherever the nation has been drilled a reduction of *matériel* is the only efficacious one, and this Governments are most unwilling to make. They want the stores for defence. It is useless, for example, to have dragoons and no horses, artillery and no shells, and selling them off when collected is terribly thriftless work. America has done it, but then the United States is by nature placed beyond any reasonable probability of formidable invasion, and has, moreover, endless funds. Other powers must accumulate stores slowly, and once they have accumulated them, are most reluctant to sanction any flagrant waste of their resources or run any risk of being taken unprepared. Again, the Prussian regular Army, with so many fortresses to garri-

son, so many provinces to watch, and so many cities to patrol, — all which duties Continental opinion expects of its rulers, — is by no means enormously strong, would but for the immense reserves be rather weak. Were the Prussian Army like ours, unsupported that is by a drilled population, it might, some fine day, in consequence of an agreement between Paris and St. Petersburg, find itself like a grain of corn between two millstones; and such an agreement is not impossible, can never, in the nature of things, become impossible. At all events, it is not more impossible than an attack by France on England, against which we have been providing for about five hundred years. Of course, if the two nations would trust one another reductions would be possible, but so would reductions in the British Navy if we could trust either France or America. We ought, it may be, to do that, but we do not do it. On the contrary, whenever we see our Navy growing weak we build and build in a way which, were our neighbours afraid of maritime attack, would produce incessant and very dangerous interpellations. As long as the French and American Navies exist, so long will England think them the data for her own calculations; as long as the Russian Army and the Prussian organization exist, so long will Austria and France consider them the postulate in the argument.

Again, we habitually under-estimate the number of soldiers which Continental Governments really require for internal purposes. England, having a Government sure to obey the popular will when strongly or deliberately expressed, needs and maintains no garrison. If Birmingham, or Manchester, or Liverpool, or London were likely ever to resist authority as authority has been resisted in Paris, and Lyons, and Vienna, and Berlin, all the British Army at home would not be able to keep one city fairly down. The Continental Governments think it necessary, and, therefore, every city is garrisoned, every magistrate "supported" by troops, every strong post carefully maintained. Half the police duties are done by the Army, till the true analogy is not one between England and a Continental State, but between a Continental State and Ireland. What with soldiers and police, we keep up a force in Ireland equal to more than 1 per cent. of the population, and no Continental State, after deducting one service army, keeps very much more. Russia keeps less, and so does Italy, both of them countries supposed to be heavily burdened with unnecessary sol-

diers. An *émeute* in a great Continental city is always possible, and an *émeute* is a very formidable thing. Even in London men quail at the idea of a riot, and in Paris the population comprises at least 200,000 men who have passed through the military mill, and are as formidable in all except *matériel* as regular soldiers. No Government ever thinks it indispensable to overawe Liverpool, but no Government we are likely to see will venture to leave Lyons unmenaced by a very powerful force. To press the Governments of the Continent to disarm, is equivalent to asking Great Britain to disperse her Navy and leave Ireland to the care of a civil police. We should not comply, and neither will they, and as matters stand they are no more wrong than we are.

Of course we do not question, far less deny, that the existing state of affairs is very bad, very injurious to civilization, to freedom, and to progress, but the remedy, we feel convinced, will be found not in disarmaments, but in making armaments so perfect as not to be burdensome. When every man has been trained to arms, nations will be perfectly safe without great crowds round the colours, and this training may by wise arrangements be secured without great national injury. Two years of drill, gymnastics, and physical instruction, so far from injuring youth, decidedly benefit them, benefit them so much as to repay the whole loss of time; and two years seem, from the Prussian example, to be amply sufficient. To attack a nation so trained is a task which will not be attempted without grave reason, and to secure peace until there is grave reason for breaking peace is all that, in the present condition of the world, statesmen, whatever they hope, will expect to accomplish.

From the Spectator.

A CHINESE REFORM BILL.

THE Emperor of China, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, who rules, or is officially supposed to rule, one-third of the human race, issued on the 30th December, 1866, a very curious and a very important decree. Every candidate for office in China is to pass an examination in European astronomy, mathematics, and physical science. It appears that the Chinese mind has of late been dreadfully shaken by a new and very unpleasant doubt. Wisdom of course is a Chinese product, as local as tea; but may not these troublesome Western peoples, who go blundering about

the world conquering everybody, who build steamers, and who entered Peking, have stolen some of it, and applied it very adroitly to the practical work of life? It looks possible, for after all there is a steamer, and she does move very quickly, and does carry heavy guns, and can run against tide, and must have come into existence somehow. A Hindoo would assert that she was an illusion, like everything else, and a Mussulman would not care whether he could build one or not, but a Chinaman has a practical side to his mind. Wisdom began and will end with him, that is clear; but building steamboats being a valuable result of wisdom, he ought to be able to build them. Something is wrong, something has been neglected, or a Western barbarian could not do what the child of the Flowery Land is obliged to leave undone. It is very annoying, and there are those Japanese, people to whom wisdom has been given, who are even wiser, and more sedate, and more ritualistic than their Chinese brethren, who are beginning to learn of the Westerns, finding out the philosophy of steamers. The Chinaman does not like it at all, feels like a country squire when a barrister is pleading before him, half doubts if he knows everything in the world, and is actually ready to listen to advice. Prince Kung talked the matter over with the Foreign Comptroller of Customs and the Board of Foreign Affairs, and at last resolved to act. The Chinese mode of action is of the French official kind. The master, Emperor, Regent, or favourite hints that he wants a certain result, and the Ministry in whose department the business lies draws up a statement of reasons why that result is desirable, and offers a series of practical suggestions, beneath which the vermilion pencil writes "sanctioned," and behold there is a new law!

The Foreign Board, instigated by Prince King and aided by the Comptroller of Customs, has in this way drawn up and the Emperor has signed a memorial a translation of which is now before us. It is a most remarkable document, evidently the work of men who see clearly what is wanted, and have a glimmering of the way to arrive at it, but who cannot bear to acknowledge that either way or end is new, and are vaguely puzzled as to the extent to which they are prepared to go. Their wish is that Chinamen should know how to build steamships, but to put it in that brutal way would be impossible, would wound Chinese self-esteem too deeply, perhaps expose them to the imputation of barbarian leanings, or worse still, of latent contempt for philosophy. So

they start with the assertion which no Chinaman will dream of questioning, that the West borrowed from China "the Heaven-sent elements of Chinese knowledge," and the Chinese, in copying their processes, are simply carrying out their own processes one step further. That point being settled satisfactorily, there is at all events no degradation in acquiring Western knowledge. For example, China invented or received from Heaven the science of numbers, and the Western men stealing that, applied and applied it till they produced European mathematics, — wherefore a Chinaman in studying mathematics is but regaining his own. He may even apply his knowledge to shipbuilding, for although the application of thought to useful purpose is in itself perhaps base, still there "is a chapter in the ritual of Chow devoted to the affairs of carriage-building and carpentry, and this in a book which for hundreds and thousands of years the schools have revered as a canonical work." Chinamen, moreover, once knew astronomy, even the husbandmen knew it; and in studying astronomy the Chinese mind does but regain its own. The great objection, however still remains to be overcome. To learn these things Chinese must study under foreigners, and to learn wisdom of the foreigner has always struck Chinamen as disgraceful. He alone is wise, and is he to learn of fools? The Board meet this difficulty very boldly, and the paragraph in which it is disposed of is probably the most revolutionary which ever appeared in the *Pekin Gazette*, an official journal to which all *Moniteurs* and *Gazettes* are young: —

"As regards the assertion that it would be disgraceful to study under European teachers, this saying is even still more devoid of truth. Of all the disgrace under Heaven, there is no shame (as Mencius says) greater than that of being inferior to others. Now, the nations of Europe for thirty or forty years past have devoted study to the construction of steamers, mutually learning from each other, and new methods of construction are daily developed. Japan also has of late despatched persons to Great Britain to study the English language and investigate mathematical science as a permanent basis for acquiring the art of steamship-building, in which before many years are past, they may be expected to have attained proficiency. Without dwelling upon the various powerful and leading maritime nations of Europe, which mutually treat with each other as equals, — if a mere insignificant State like Japan shows itself capable of eagerly striving to build up its power, whilst China alone adheres immovably to the routine of her long-descended ways, regardless of fresh

activity, where, we would ask, will then be the greatest occasion for shame? If, on the contrary, we, though not holding ourselves disgraced as the inferiors of others, strive diligently to bring ourselves on a par with others, it may be, perhaps, in the future that we shall actually outstrip them. If, on the other hand, simply holding that to learn from others is disgraceful, we remain content in our position of inequality, will refraining altogether from study be the means of freeing us from disgrace?"

That paragraph was obviously suggested by a European, but its acceptance and publication in an official document marks the depth of the change which has come over the Chinese mind. It has realized the fact, openly realized it, that there is a possibility of advance, and that step once gained, all the rest is easy. No other Oriental nation has yet gained it. Mohammedans everywhere believe in their hearts that progress is useless, thought as well as religion having ended with the Koran; Hindoos deliberately believe that nothing good can come out of so stupid and barbarous a people as the English. The Chinaman alone seems as yet to have perceived that there is a mind in the West, and to be willing to avail himself of its aid. A regular University has accordingly been established for the study of Western knowledge, and the triennial examinations are to be held, appointments conferred on successful candidates, and "extraordinary promotion to be awarded to graduates taking a first-class." There is no doubt that with these inducements the university will fill, and we may yet find a Chinese Mandarin who is also a Brunel, a white button who has discovered a star, or a blue button who has applied a novel motive power. The Chinese intellect, to reason from analogies, ought to take very kindly to physical science, for they are even now, with their "cram" rules, the best hydraulists, carpenters, and ironworkers in the East; and the Japanese, who so closely resemble them, seem able to learn anything. "God," says an Arab proverb, "has given to Arabs tongues, to Englishmen heads, and to Chinamen hands," and if the English head and the Chinese hand ever come together, the result will probably repay the labour of a generation.

The suspension of mental progress in Asia, after so much had been attained, is one of the most inscrutable problems in all history, the one which of all others oftenest suggests despair. Is it the power of accumulation which has perished, or only the desire? If the power, then mankind has no future, for the European races may be arrest-

ed as the Asiatic races have been. If the desire, how is it to be reawakened? Clearly not by denying that any progress whatever has been made. The late Dr. Ballantyne, whilom Principal of the Benares College, a profound Sanscrit scholar and a man of great originality, always believed that he had discovered the secret of making the Hindoo mind progressive. "We must make the pump suck again," he said, "by pouring in a little water." The moment, as he believed, that a Hindoo scholar could be made to see the connection between his own philosophy and that of the West he would begin to be interested in it to press forward as he would believe, upon his own road. He succeeded in training some very remarkable men, and this Chinese decree is a curious testimony to the truth of his leading principle. Europeans might have derided the Chinese foundation for ever without influencing the Chinese mind, but the moment they propose to build on it the Chinese hesitate, examine, and yield. "The idea," say the foreign Board, "that it is wrong to abandon Chinese methods and to follow in the steps of Europeans may also be dilated upon. It is to be remarked that the germ of Western sciences is in fact originally borrowed from the Heaven-sent elements of Chinese knowledge. The eyes of Western philosophers having been turned towards the East, and the genius of these men being minutely painstaking and apt for diligent thought, they have succeeded in pursuing study to new results. For these they have usurped the name of sciences brought from over-sea; but in reality the methods (of their philosophy) are Chinese methods. This is the case with astronomy and mathematics, and it is equally so with the remaining sciences. China has originated the method, which Europeans have received as an inheritance." The hated notion of adopting a new career is superseded by that of advancing in an old one and the reluctant pupil becomes immediately an eager student.

From the Spectator.

AN ENGLISH ECLOGUE.

TIMOTHY.

WELL, here's the cuckoo come again, after the barley-sowing,
The duck-weed white upon the pond, all round the violets blowing,

The gorse has got its coat of gold, and smells as sweet as clover,
The lady-smocks are in the hedge, the primroses nigh over,
And out upon the common there, you see the lambskins leaping,
The very snakes crawl here and there, — but Holy Tommie's sleeping.

JACOB.

Ah, him that used to work with Bourne!
Bourne told me how he blunder'd.
He used to preach. I heard him once. Lord,
how he groan'd and thunder'd!
The women squeak'd like sucking-pigs, the men roared out like cattle,
And my gray hair stood up on end!

TIMOTHY.

All ignorant stuff and tattle!
He lost his head thro' meddling so with things that don't concern us;
When we go questioning too close, 'tis little God will learn us:
'Tis hard enough to squeeze the crops from His dry ground about us,
But as for serving 'tother world, it gets its crops without us.
Ah, Tommie's was a loss that used to put me out completely!
No man about could plough a field or kill a pig so neatly.

JACOB.

That's where it lies! We get no good by asking questions, neighbour:
Parsons are sent to watch our Souls, while we are hard at labour:
This world needs help to get along, for men feed one another,
And what do we pay parsons for, if not to manage 'tother?

TIMOTHY.

You're right! No man as grumbles so with this here world has thriven;
Mutton won't drop into our mouths, altho' we gape at Heaven.
Why, Tommie was a ruddy lad, as rosy as an apple,
Till Methodism filled his head, and he was seen at chapel;
Found out that he'd received a call, grew dismal, dull, and surly,
Read tracts when working in the fields, prayed wildly late and early,
And by and by, began himself to argue with the doubting,
And tho' he'd scarcely been to school began his public spouting.
And soon I found — I wasn't blind — how he let matters go here, —
While he was at his heavenly work, things suffered down below here:

The hens dropt off for want of feed, horses
grew sick and useless,
For lack o' milking presently the cows grew
dry and juiceless ;
And when I found him out, and swore in rage
and consternation,
I'm hang'd if Tommie didn't cry and talk about
salvation !

"Salvation's mighty well," says I, right mad
with my disaster,
"But since I want my farm-stock saved, you
find another master !"

And I was firm, and sent him off, tho' he
seem'd broken-hearted ;

He popped a tract into my fist the morning he
departed ;

Aye, got a place next day with Bourne, who
knew the lad was clever,

But dawdled still about his work, and preach'd
as much as ever.

JACOB.

But Bourne soon sent him packing off—
Bourne's just the sort of fellow,

Why, even when the Parson calls, he grumbles
and looks yellow !

TIMOTHY.

He got another master, tho' but soon began to
tire him,

His wages sunk, and by and by no farmer here
would hire him ;

And soon between this world and that, poor
Tommie grew more mournful,

His strength and cleverness went off—the folk
look'd black and scornful—

And soon the blessed Methodists grew tired,
and would not hear him,

And bolted when he tried to speak, and shrunk
from sitting near him.

JACOB.

It's just the way with Methodists. Give me the
High Church, neighbour !

TIMOTHY.

"Why don't you be a man?" said they, "keep
clean, and do your labour?"

And what d'ye think that Tommie said?—"I
don't play shillyshally,

If I'm to serve the Lord at all, 'twill be contin-
ually ;

You think that you can grub and cheat from
Sunday on to Sunday,

And put the Lord Almighty off by howling out
on one day ;

But if you want to get to heav'n, your feelings
must be stronger."

And Holy Tommie would not go to chapel any
longer.

Learn'd sense? No, no! Reform'd? Not
he! But moped and fretted blindly,

Because the blessed Methodists had used him
so unkindly.

His life grew hard, his back grew bare, his
brain grew dreadful airy,

He thought of t'other world the more 'cause
this seem'd so contrary,

Went wandering on the river-side, and in the
woods lay lurking,

Gaped at the sky in summer time when other
men were working,

And once was spied a-looking up where a wild
lark was winging,

And tears a-shining in his eyes,—because the
lark was singing!

Last harvest time he came to me, and begged
for work so sadly,

And vowed he had reformed so much, and
look't so sick and badly,

I had not heart to send him off, but put him
out a-reaping,

But, Lord! the same tale o'er again—he work-
ed like one half-sleeping.

"Be off!" says I, "you're good for naught,"
and all the rest stood sneering ;

"Master, you may be right," says he,— "the
Lord seems hard o' hearing!

I thought I could fulfil below the call that I had
gotten,

But here's the harvest come again, and all my
life seems rotten :

The Methodists are little good, the High Church
folk are lazy,

And even when I pray alone, the ways o'
Heaven seem hazy!

Religion don't appear to keep an honest lad
from sad things,

And tho' the world is fine to see, 'tis full of
cruel bad things ;

Why, I can't walk in fields and lanes, and see
the flowers a-growing,

And look upon the bright blue sky, or watch
the river flowing,

But even there, where things look fine, out
creeps the speckled adder,

Or silver snakes crawl by, and all at once the
world looks sadder.

The better I have seem'd to grow, the worse all
things have gone with me,

It's all a great d—d mystery! I wish the
Lord was done with me!"

And slowly, ever after that, Tommie grew
paler, stiller,

And soon he could not work at all, and quick-
ly he grew iller,

And when the early new-year rains were yellow-
ing pool and river,

He closed his eyes, and slept, and gave the puz-
zle up for ever.

JACOB.

His head was gone, that's clear enough—the
chapel set it turning.

TIMOTHY.

Now, this is how I look at it, altho' I have no
learning:

In this here world, to do like him is nothing
but self-slaughter,—

He went close to the edge o' life, and heard a
 roar like water,
 His head went round, his face grew pale, his
 blood lost life and motion, —
 'Twas just as vi'lets lose their scent when set
 beside the Ocean.
 But there's the Parson riding up, with Doctor
 Barth, his crony;
 Some of these days the Parson's weight will kill
 that blessed pony!
 Ah, he's the man to settle things that made the
 wits unsteady!
 Wife, here's the Parson! Draw some ale, and
 set the table ready.

CALIBAN.

From the Spectator.

MR. PALGRAVE'S HYMNS. *

THE essential and only question which needs to be asked in order to test either the literary or spiritual value of a hymn is this, — whether the imaginative power and rhythmical or musical feeling of the writer has been so used as to bring the mind of the reader into an attitude in which God and Christ are more vividly seen, and their nature more powerfully realized than it would be without the aid of that imaginative power and that rhythmical measure. There is no different test for the literary and for the spiritual value of a hymn, because a poem which, however beautiful in itself, takes the form of a hymn, when that form turns out to be a spurious one, — when, in other words, the writer overlays the personal relation of the mind to God with distracting imaginative touches or fanciful images, — is in a literary no less than in a spiritual point of view a bad hymn. Just as a drama, however beautiful in its poetical structure, is in a literary sense a bad drama if it does not open a true and vivid insight into the human characters it professes to deal with, so a hymn, however beautiful its poetical structure, is a bad hymn which does not bring us face to face with the object of devotion, and which allows its poetical detail to hang between the soul and God and intercept the view, instead of further revealing Him. Hence many of the most beautiful poems on devotional subjects seem to us very bad hymns, like, for example, George Herbert's, beginning: —

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky;
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

* *Original Hymns.* By Francis Turner Palgrave.
 London: Macmillan and Co.

"Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die."

We do not suppose Herbert ever intended this for a hymn, but it is now often, and we think very unfortunately, used as one. So far from bringing us into the direct presence of God, it hangs a delicate fretwork of fancies, sometimes grotesque, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, before the mind, which as much shuts out the object of devotion as the rich foliage of a tree shuts out the sun.

The great beauty of most of the dozen hymns before us is that they keep so faithfully to the purpose of a hymn, and use the imaginative power and poetical feeling of the writer in absolute subordination to this end. Instead of distracting the mind with beauty, and scattering the poetical glimpses they give us over a wide area of speculative thought or spiritual emotion, they concentrate the rays of thought and feeling to a focus in the one Object of faith and love. Take, for instance, this fine verse in the hymn for morning, —

"O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone
 Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
 Though this new day with joy we see,
 Great Dawn of God! we cry for Thee!"

Here all the associations of the dawn, — the faint glimmer of cold light on the edge of the horizon, the shiver it brings with it over all nature, the tremulous stir of life which attends that chill anticipation of the sun's heat, the sense of intense serenity and silence which this first faint birth of trouble and sorrow brings home to us, — are all pressed into the service of the true purpose of a hymn, and all converge to open our minds to the first touch of God within the spirit. The same impression is made by the whole of the following fine hymn, in which the writer with a certain courage refers to the Oriental splendour of the Apocalyptic Vision for the purpose of deepening the contrast between it and the truer conception of our Lord, that the kingdom of God is "within you: —

"THE CITY OF GOD.

Ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐντὸς ὑμῶν ἐστί.

"O thou not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor wall'd with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,

More bright than gold or gem
God's own Jerusalem !

" Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

" Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

" Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

" Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gather'd are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !"

The golden walls and gates of precious gems were never used to higher purpose than here, where they are *denied* to the true city of God, and contrasted with the spiritual scenery which witnesses the immediate presence of God.

" Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,"

— that is in the true poetic spirit of Isaiah crying that " every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low."

The least impressive of these hymns is the second pair of hymns for morning and evening, as the first pair are among the finest, if not the finest of all. There is a limp about the rhythm of the second pair which breaks the train of thought and feeling. Perhaps the finest of all the hymns is that which expresses so powerfully our modern difficulties in finding Christ. We cannot resist the pleasure of extracting this perfect expression of the new belief which prays that its own unbelief may be helped : —

" FAITH AND SIGHT IN THE LATTER DAYS.

" *I prae: sequar.*"

" Thou sayst, ' Take up thy cross,
O Man ! and follow me :'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

" But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see !
Thy blessed face one moment's space —
Then might we follow Thee !

" Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me ;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change ;
How can I follow Thee ?

" Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee ;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades ;
How should we follow Thee ?

" — Ah, sense-bound heart and blind !
Is naught but what we see ?
Can time undo what once was true ;
Can we not follow Thee ?

" Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see :
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow Thee !

" Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree ?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow Thee ?

" O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see !
As once of yore, thyself restore
And help to follow thee !

" If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

" Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be ;
Set up thy throne within thine own : —
Go, Lord ; we follow Thee.

Poetry could scarcely blend more closely with faith than in these beautiful verses, which rise almost steadily towards the simple and yet sublime prayer with which it concludes, —

" Set up thy throne within thine own,"

— a prayer in which the poetic imagination approaches " in nearest nearness " to the spirit of true worship.

From the London Review.

GOOD OLD SAXON.

WHEN Johnson was drawing nigh his sixtieth year, and was actively giving the weight of his great name to the practice of Latinizing English to the utmost, a poor boy in Bristol, who lived in a garret, and often ransacked the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliff's Church, composed a variety of poems, of which the extraordinary vigour was not discovered till, amid the pangs of hunger, he had put an end to his dreary life. They passed under the name of Rowley and were alleged to have been written by an old poet of the age of Edward III. They breathed the very spirit and language of Chaucer; and from the time they came into notice, a reaction in English phraseology began. Our best writers had for a long while been departing from the genius of the language. The classical style had succeeded to that of the dramatists of Elizabeth's reign. The original tendency of English was towards words of one syllable; but under Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Chatham, it tended strongly towards words of many syllables. It was growing weaker when it was thought to be gaining strength. It was more sonorous, but less pregnant with sense; more smooth, but less fibrous. Faith was called "fidelity," drying was "exsiccation," quivering was "tremulousness." The process of the ancients was inverted. They, in their rough Saxon way, used to clip off the end of borrowed words, and crop the first syllable, especially in words that began with a vowel. They dropped the weaker consonants, and retained the stronger, thus boiling the word down as it were, and reducing it to an essence. From *exscortico* they got "scratch," from *Hispania* "Spain," from *exscorio* "scour." The poems of Chatterton pointed the way back to this earlier mode. He saw by intuition how great was the agreement between the sound and sense in the native words of our tongue, and how much poetry would lose in point, and music, if its wild rill-like flow were turned into channels cut by the art of pedants. Monosyllables such as jar, twine, plash, twist, curl, crack, crush, and the like, appeared to him to express better than even the compounds of other languages the action signified, to imitate it to the ear when spoken, and to make a picture of it to the age when written. He believed, like Dr. Wallis, that in our "northern guttural" (as Byron calls it), *st*

at the beginning of a word generally implies strength and fixity, *str* force and effect, *th* a violent degree of motion, *wr* obliquity or distortion, *sw* a gentle agitation, *cl* adhesion or tenacity, *sp* expansion or dissipation, and *sl* a kind of silent fall. Perhaps he had not reasoned much about it, perhaps he had never analyzed the relations between the sound and the sense in the old words he adopted, but poetic instinct led him to conclusions similar to those at which Mr. Mathew Browne has arrived, and explained in his essay on vowel-music. In the English of Chaucer and "Rowley," the force of vowels and consonants too was more concentrated than the English of Johnson. The public began to see this fact when the Ayrshire bard piped so sweetly, but it has taken a century to open their eyes to it thoroughly. There was a strong analogy between broad Scotch and Chaucer's tough and racy dialect. As far as it guided taste at all, it led in a direction opposed to bombast and pedantic diction. Elision was a sharp pruning knife, and lopped off a heap of redundant syllables. George Ellis, who had assisted Canning and Frere in the *Anti-Jacobin* combined a critical spirit with great knowledge of old authors. While Addington was premier, he published his third edition of *Specimens of the Early English Poets*. Then came his *Specimens of Early English Romances in Verse*, which with the former work, drew the attention of literary men to the simple and vigorous language in which Anglo-Saxon bards sung the exploits of King Arthur, and Anglo-Normans the fiery adventures of King Richard in Palestine. About the same time William Godwin wrote his *Life of Chaucer*, and Todd that of Spenser, with a glossary to help the readers of the "*Faerie Queene*." "*Childe Harold*" appeared a few years later, and was in the outset a partial imitation of the language of Spenser. The "*Good Night*" also of the first canto was suggested by a similar poem in the "*Border Minstrelsy*" edited by Scott. Thus one writer unconsciously followed another's lead; and the retrograde movement in this instance was really one in advance. Mr. Evans's "*Collection of Old Ballads*" was intended as a supplement to Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," and both of these works brought ballads into notice which were remarkable for the great simplicity of their style, and almost exclusive use of monosyllables. Walter Scott compares them to "the grotesque carving on a Gothic niche." They made us acquainted, too,

with many comic and rustic romances of the Middle Ages, which would otherwise have been lost. The constant reading in church of the old translation of the Scriptures has aided materially in keeping alive the taste for pure English as distinguished from Latinized English; and the growing popularity of Shakespeare has been both a cause and effect of the tendency in question. Of all treasures of proverbial wisdom expressed in racy language, these two are the richest and most common among us. They have ably, if not adequately, counteracted the undue and exclusive attention which was long given to Latin and Greek in our public schools and universities. There were always some, sixty or seventy years ago, who, like Mr Windham in the House of Commons, ran counter to the classical rage, and preferred old pronunciations to new, and "the pure Saxon idiom of our language," as Lord Brougham calls it, to the long-winded refinements then current in St. Stephen's. Thus when some phrase of his provoked a smile or an attack, as if he had fallen into its use unawares, Windham would exclaim, "Why, I said it a purpose!" Ben Jonson, who was a notable scholar, censured the archaisms of Spenser; and Pope, the most Gallican of our poets, said, "Spenser himself affects the obsolete;" but, as Mr. Willmott very justly observes, "The old words of the poet, like the foreign accent of a sweet voice, give a charm to the tone, without, in any large degree, obscuring the sense."

As the present century advanced, the return up the stream to the sources of our language became more decided. In proportion as the age grew practical, fine writing, which is usually mere declamation, lost its charms. The racy style—curt, pointed, and suggestive—rose in value. Science and thought make people exact, and much business makes them brief-spoken. The love of historic truth, and the hatred of shams of every sort, has helped us to speak less vaguely, and to write with more substance and strength. Dean Swift acted on the principle that no Saxon word among us should be allowed to become obsolete; and Dean Hoare, in our own day, has expressed a strong conviction that the "writers and speakers who please us most are those whose style is the most Saxon in its character; and he believes, with good reason, that this remark is especially true of poetry. Certainly, those passages in our poets which are most popular among us

are crowded with Saxon words. It is so with the description of Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliet," with that of Cleopatra on the river Cydnus, and Wolsey's farewell to his greatness. It is so with "Ye Mariners of England," the best of Burns's songs and Moore's melodies, and with "Mariana of the Moated Grange." "Enoch Arden," though a poem of two thousand lines, contains scarcely a word that is not of Saxon origin. Barry Cornwall, in speaking of Charles Lamb, says:—"Without doubt, his taste on several matters was peculiar; for instance, there were a few obsolete words, such as *arride*, *agnize*, *burgeon*, &c., which he fancied, and chose to rescue from oblivion." In this he did well. It would have been strange if the man of all others most deeply versed in old English writers had adopted none of their expressions as well as their ideas. Carlyle has done us good service in this respect. His prose resembles poetry in that it is the concentrated essence of language. Thought is condensed on his page, as light is by a burning-glass. His words are pictures—composite, German-like. He is peculiar, always an original, full of old Gothic phrases and quaint terms, always firing straight at the mark, and always hitting it. Take him where you will, in every sentence you shall find the German and the Norman, the Latin and Saxon element, richly represented. It is a beautiful kaleidoscope, varying at every turn. He is a word-king, a magician of language; inimitable—alone.

Affectation of every sort should, of course, be avoided. It may be indulged in reviving old English as well as in quickening dead Latin. Our language, like our constitution, is composite; and in strengthening one branch of it we must be careful not to weaken another. As to obsolete terms, we may but recall a few exiles, and we seldom dare do even this without adducing some precedent for the adoption. Fossil remains are highly valuable, and often ornamental; yet fossils, after all, can fill but a small place in the well-arranged cabinet. Perhaps it may be well to give a few examples, not from the "Morte Arthur" or Sir Robert Ayton, not from Wither or George Herbert, but from writers of our own time, of the happy use of Saxon words, giving to compositions, as old china gives to a room, an antiquated air, and making them vigorous as the gnarled oak and the tough, tortuous, olive-tree. The two first shall be in prose:—

"This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast (a young ass on the leads of Christ's Hospital), not able to fare well but he must needs cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel, but foolisher, alas, than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's-horn blast as, toppling down the walls of his own Jericho, set concealment any longer at defiance."—("Essays of Elia.")

"In the evening I went with the lasses to the banks of Onse, and scattered on the dimpling stream, as is their wont at the lamb-ale a thousand odorous flowers,—new-born roses, sweet-williams, and yellow-coxcombs, the small-flowered lady's-slipper, the prince's-feather, and the clustered bell-flower, the sweet basil (the saucy wenches smiled when they furnished me with a bunch thereof), and a great store of midsummer daisies. When with due observance I threw on the water a handful of these golden-tufted and silver-crowned flowerets, I thought of Master Chaucer's lines. . . . The great store of winsome and graciously-named flowers used that day set me to plan a fair garden, wherein each mouth should yield in its turn to the altar of our secret chapel a pure incense of nature's own furnishing."—("Constance Sherwood.")

And now for an example or two in verse:—

"A dragged mawkin, thou,
That tends her bristled grunners in the sludge,"
—("The Princess.")

"Fled like a glittering rivalet to the tarn:
And down the shingly scaur he plunged."—
("Elaine.")

"Whereat Geraint flashed into sudden spleen;
A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!
Tits, wrens, and all winged nothing, peck him dead!

Ye think that the rattle cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world! What is it to me?

O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,
Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks!
Speak, if you be not like the rest hawk mad,
Where can I get me harbourage for the night?"—("Enid.")

"How say you, reader"—they are the words of Charles Lamb—"do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein?"

From the Examiner.

Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By William Tallack, Author of 'Peter Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist,' &c. S. W. Partridge.

THOMAS SHILLITOE is said in the first page of this book to have "lived a life of wonderful energy as a universal philanthropist, and as a Christian minister of almost apostolic activity;" which reminds one of a criticism upon Cowley's 'Davideis,' that while Homer simply opened the 'Iliad' by saying that he was about to tell of the wrath of Achilles, whom he calls barely Achilles, son of Peleus, and never praises except by the relation of his actions, Cowley put all his hero in the opening, where he is set down as the best poet and the best king. Thomas Shillitoe, we are told, however, at the close of the first chapter, was not perfect. He was "often impetuous and irritable, sometimes obstinate, occasionally uncharitable, and always more or less nervous and eccentric." "Twice," he records, "I was confined to my bed by the sudden sight of a mouse." But he was very like the apostles about the legs; which is more than can be said for a bishop when he has his gaiters buttoned on.

The Evangelists repeatedly allude to the journey on foot of that sacred band, foremost amongst whom was their Divine Lord and Leader. And when, on other occasions, they went forth two and two, they received the command "that they should take nothing for their journey save a staff only," inasmuch as those who received the blessing of their services were to supply all needful wants; and when this return was not accorded, the further command was "Shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them." In the Acts of the Apostles also there are allusions to the general pedestrian movements of the Apostles. Of Philip, for instance, it is recorded that he "ran" towards the Ethiopian noble, who riding homewards in his chariot, was reading the pages of Isaiah. Other modes of travel were, doubtless, always permissible and often preferable. Nevertheless, for various reasons, the Apostolic missionaries appear to have usually chosen the independence and freedom of walking. Thus of Paul we read that when he had the option of proceeding from Troas to Assos by ship with his companions, or on land without them, he chose the later course, "minding himself to go afoot" (Acts xx. 13). Probably the quiet opportunity thus afforded for meditation and secret prayer, was the deciding motive in the latter instance.

Partly for a similar reason, partly on economical grounds, and also probably from a love of independent and free movement, Thomas Shillitoe very often performed his preaching journeys on foot.

He was characteristically a pedestrian itinerant. His memoranda abounds in such records as the following:—"After meeting I walked to Castleton, ten miles; had a comfortable meeting with a few Friends there next morning. In the afternoon walked to Whitby, fourteen miles over a dreary moor. Afterwards I walked to Russell Dale, and next day to Helmsley; in the afternoon to Bilsdale. Next day walked about thirty-two miles to Knaresborough, and next day to Rawden. I walked to Lotherdale, about twenty-two miles. The great quantity of rain that has fallen of late has made travelling on foot trying: I hope I may be preserved in the patience, apprehending it is the line of conduct I must pursue when time will allow of it. Next day walked to Netherdale, about twenty-four miles."

The continuity of Thomas Shillitoe's pedestrianism was sometimes extraordinary. Thus, in one week he mentions walking on a Saturday evening from Lancaster to Wyersdale; on the Sunday afternoon to Ray; on the Monday twenty-six miles to Hawes; on Tuesday twenty-eight miles to Masham; on Wednesday twenty-three miles to Leyburn; on Thursday eight miles to Aysgarth, and the same afternoon ten miles over the moor to Reeth. On Friday he set out with a horse and chaise to return to Hawes, but finding the dales were at the time flooded in many places owing to the recent heavy rains, he quitted the conveyance and recommenced walking, often coming to places where the usual crossing by stepping-stones was impracticable, and where he had to wade through the rushing streams. However, he reached Hawes safely, and, fortified by a good dinner, boldly struck over the fells to Brigflatts, whence on Saturday he walked to Kendall; and reached Lancaster in the evening. Such was a week's work of this zealous and simple-hearted evangelist!

Repeatedly he proceeded on foot by rapid stages across England at a similar pace to the Yorkshire journey just described. Thus in the same year (1807) he walked from Liverpool to Warrington, thence to Macclesfield, on a Saturday, a journey of twenty-three miles. On the Sabbath morning he walked thirteen miles to Leek, and held a meeting there. He started again on foot on Monday, and performed twenty-nine miles to Derby; then the next day another thirty miles to Leicester; on Wednesday walked twenty-nine miles to Northampton. "The day proving wet, travelling became more difficult; but now drawing so near home operated as a spur to do my best." On Thursday he accomplished twenty-three miles to Woburn, and on Friday walked the remaining thirty-nine miles, which brought him safe back to his family.

Thomas Shillitoe's father was Librarian at Gray's Inn, from which office he retired in his old age upon a public-house, and became landlord of the 'Three Tuns' at Islington, when Islington was a village and the Angle was a rural tavern. Thomas became a Quaker against the wish of his parents, and was patronised by a Quaker lady who promoted him from his place of grocer's apprentice to a clerkship in a Quaker banking house. It grieved him to see his employers "going with a multitude to do evil." So he left the bank and put himself apprentice to a shoemaker. "The Almighty Care-taker" prospered him afterwards at Tottenham in making shoes for Quakers. He married, was frugal, and when his savings gave him a fixed income of a hundred a year, though he then had a wife and five children, he forsook his last and "devoted himself to the home and foreign service of his Lord in the churches." Shortly afterwards a woman was found to have left in her will a hundred pounds to Mr. Shillitoe. "This was an acceptable and seasonable gift, which he gratefully ascribed to the interposition of his Heavenly Father." He went to Russia, Prussia and elsewhere, offering personal advice to monarchs, and otherwise making himself useful. He was a temperance apostle, and (p. 130) "would fancy himself a teapot for weeks together." To this excellent man, before he took his journey to heaven, Professor Tholuck wrote that in his company he "tasted fully the sweetness of the presence of Christ."

DAMP WALLS.—An Ipswich correspondent says: "In reply to 'M. L. F.,' I have just effected a complete cure from damp exuding from a brick wall, upon which no plaster, much less paper, would adhere, on account of its having been several times saturated with sea water. I have done so by using 'Italian plaster.' If your correspondent will try it, I feel certain he would meet with equal success. The cost is but little more than that of Portland cement, and may be papered upon forty-eight hours after being used, without any risk of damp or discolouration."

CAT'S MILK.—M. Commaille, who strongly recommends the employment of cat's milk, states, observes the *Lancet*, that it has the following composition. One litre contains:—butter, 33.33 grammes; casein, 31.17 grammes; lactalbumen, 59.64 grammes; lactoprotein, 4.67 grammes; lactose and organic acids, 49.11 grammes; ash, 5.85 grammes; making a total of 183.77 grammes. The cat from which the milk was taken had been fed on flesh exclusively.